HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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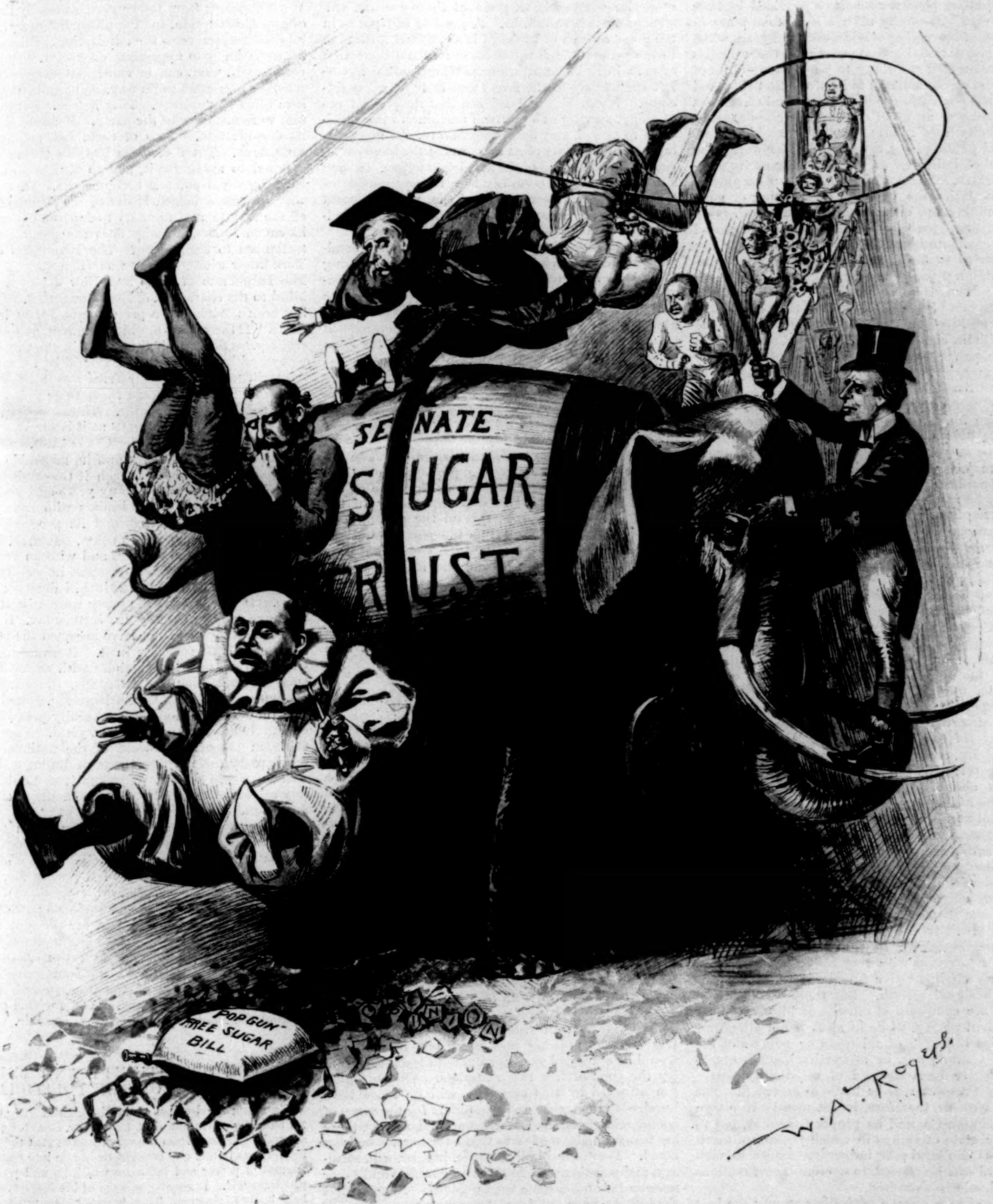
SENATE
SUGAR
TRUST
"POPGUN" FREE SUGAR BILL
OPINION
W. A. Rogers

AT THE CRACK OF GORMAN'S WHIP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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HOME-RULE IN THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE constitutional amendment concerning municipal government recently reported from the committee on cities by its chairman, Mr. **JESSE JOHNSON**, and now re-referred, provides mainly that every city shall have a Mayor, to hold office two years, and a Common Council consisting of one or two bodies, to be elected with or without cumulative voting, or proportionate or minority representation, and to have such legislative powers as may be provided by law; that all elections of city officers shall take place in the month of November of odd-numbered years, when there are no national or State elections; that all cities shall be classified according to population—cities of 50,000 or more inhabitants to be of the first class, and cities of less population to be of the second class; that laws relating to all cities of the same class shall be "general city laws"; that as to streets and highways, parks and public places, sewers and water-works, the structure of buildings as to safety, fire-extinguishing apparatus, salaries of city officers and employés, ward boundaries, the vacating or reducing or postponing of any tax or assessment, the membership and constituent parts of the Common Council, and the powers and duties of the Common Council or any city officer as to the foregoing subjects, the Legislature shall not pass any except general city laws, unless the Mayor and Common Council of the city concerned, in a prescribed way, give their consent to such special legislation; that only the Mayor, or the Mayor with the consent of the Common Council, shall have the power to appoint the head of the police force of any city, but that the Governor may, upon charges preferred before him, for cause, remove the commissioners, or superintendent, or other head of such police force, and appoint the successor or successors to hold office until the expiration of the term of the Mayor; that to secure fair elections there shall be majority and minority representation in all election boards and officers of cities, for which purpose laws may be made providing for the election by the Legislature of majority and minority State election commissioners, who may then appoint city election commissioners; and, finally, that, except as expressly limited, the power of the Legislature as to cities shall remain unimpaired.

It cannot be said that this proposed constitutional amendment has been received, either in the Constitutional Convention or by the public, with enthusiastic approval. As such projects of government usually are, it has been criticised in general and in detail as too bold or too timid, too vague or too specific, too uncertain or too positive, according to the predisposition of the critic. While some of this criticism deserves serious consideration, the excellent points of the amendment should not be lost sight of. In some of its most important features it is merely permissive, and confines itself to the removal of obstacles from the path of experiment. This is one of its great merits, for it must not be forgotten that as to municipal government we are still in the experimental stage.

There is, for instance, the provision that the Common Council may consist of one or two bodies, and may be elected with or without cumulative voting, or proportionate or minority representation, and that it shall have such legislative powers as may be provided by law. In the best-governed municipalities of Europe, especially in Germany, the Common Council is intrusted with very important legislative as well as administrative functions, which it exercises with signal success. But there the Common Councils are composed of citizens of high character and eminent ability, while in most, if not all, of our large cities the office of alderman or member of the Common Council has, by unworthy incumbents, to such a degree been stripped of all dignity that a man of self-respect will be loath to accept it. The problem with us, therefore, is not merely to assign to the Common Council its proper functions, but to bring on a state of things in which persons of merit and fitness can again be induced to aspire to such places, and can be elected, to exercise any functions as they should be exercised.

This requires a change of feeling among the best classes of our citizenship, as well as a change in our election methods, calculated to curtail the power of the machine politicians which now degrades public employment by monopolizing it for themselves or persons of their kind. Whether the election of councilmen by general ticket, the introduction of cumulative voting, or proportionate or minority representation, in our municipalities will serve to accomplish such changes it is difficult to say until we shall have practically tried it. Only when we shall have tested whether our municipal councils may, as to their composition, be made such as to be safely intrusted with a large authority, can the proper scope of their legislative power be intelligently determined. It is therefore eminently wise that, so long as we are more or less blindly groping about, the range of experiment be left as wide as possible.

The section of the amendment concerning the police, giving the Governor power "to remove the commissioners, superintendent, or other head of the police force of any city for cause, upon charges preferred before him," has called forth some hot protests. We think a constitutional provision of this kind very desirable. The exercise of the police power in our large cities should not be considered as a strictly and exclusively municipal function. Not only the inhabitants of New York city, but the people of the State are strongly interested in the question whether the police in our great metropolis or in the other large cities is, in point of character and efficiency, what it should be. A good or bad police in the great centres of business is so serious a concern to the people of the whole State that the correction of evils in its composition or conduct should not be left exclusively to the sweet will of the local politicians. It can well be imagined that the police force of a city, serving as a political machine to the politicians in power, may find protection for the most outrageous misconduct of its members at the hands of its patrons in possession of the municipal offices. In such a case there should certainly be a remedy outside of that municipal government, and that remedy should be provided for in the manner proposed in the amendment, or in some other way equally effective.

As to one section of this constitutional amendment there can certainly be no two opinions among those who have the cause of good government sincerely at heart, namely, the provision for separate municipal elections. All talk about divorcing municipal elections from State and national politics will be idle, municipal affairs will never be treated upon their own merits, and the candidates for municipal offices will never be selected with a sole view to the local duties to be performed, so long as the coincidence of municipal with State and national elections stimulates a party spirit which overrides every other interest, and offers not only an opportunity but an incentive for political trades and bargains. The imperative demand for separate municipal elections should therefore stand in the very first line of the reform programme. It is said that many of the country politicians oppose this on the ground that the separation of the local from the general elections will hinder the bringing out of the vote. But they should be made to understand the interest of the country people in the good government of the cities with which they have business relations, and the friends of municipal reform should do their utmost to carry at least this essential measure, without which all other reformatory endeavors will be beset with the most insidious of difficulties.

THE DEMOCRATIC FAILURE.

THE acceptance by the House of Representatives of the Senate tariff bill is a surrender of the Democratic party to a small coterie of Senators who have been the active agents of the Sugar Trust. It is the defeat of the just expectations of the people who placed the Democratic party in power in both the executive and legislative branches of the government, believing that it would reform the tariff. This disappointment has been anticipated, but the contempt and anger which it has aroused will not be the less for that reason. The Democratic party has failed to perform what it has itself declared again and again to be its mission. It has therefore invited distrust and defeat, and will assuredly receive its deserts. What hope it has for the future lies in the promised blundering of Republican politicians like ex-Speaker **REED** and Senator **LODGE**, who are endeavoring to negotiate an alliance with the Populists.

The Senate bill itself, so far as its tariff features go, is a marked improvement on the **MCKINLEY** law. If there was nothing new in it but free wool it would be a decided gain, for it would teach the country the boon of free raw materials. The object-lesson afforded by this one item will do more than hundreds of speeches and pamphlets for the cause of commercial freedom. Besides wool, however, there are many articles made free that have heretofore been taxed. There are binding-twine, lumber, salt, statuary, and paintings, while taxes on clothing and other necessaries of life have been reduced. Nevertheless the bill is a poor outcome of the long struggle which the Democratic party has made for twenty years. It has reduced tariff taxes it is true, but the reduction is slight, and, what is of far more importance, the bill was made on the plan which has been condemned in Democratic platforms and by the voters at the polls.

It has been the custom to accuse the Republicans of permitting the protected manufacturers to write their own schedules in the **MCKINLEY** act, of farming out the taxing power of the general government to private citizens in return for campaign funds. It was the promise of the Democratic party that its legislation should have a different and a less corrupt character; that it should be conceived and enacted for the public good, and not for the increase of the riches of private citizens. That promise has been violated. The bill which the Democrats of the House were forced to accept was made for the protection of manufacturers, the rights of consumers being incidental. If anything the subjection of the Democratic party is greater than that of the Republicans. The Republicans believed in taxing the many for the enrichment of the few. The Democrats permitted a violation of their principles for pecuniary considerations.

It is true that not all the Democrats who were concerned with this legislative failure are deserving of the wrath of the country. Of one man's courage and devotion too much cannot be said. Mr. **WILLIAM L. WILSON** retires from the contest beaten by the forces of greed, corruption, and Populism, but carrying with him the respect, even the admiration, of those of his countrymen who appreciate character. But of the party itself, what can be said? Its excuse is that a few Senators stood in its way, and would not permit it to fulfil its promises. That is true. But the Senators were members of the party. They stood high in its organization. Two of them had conducted its campaigns. Three of them had felt themselves authorized to speak for it, and to bind it to a treaty with the sugar-planters of Louisiana. One of them was the acknowledged leader of the Democratic side of the Senate, and remains to-day the chairman of its caucus. Besides, why does the party elect protectionists to the Senate? The Democrats of New York knew what **MURPHY** was when they chose him. The Democrats of Ohio and New Jersey were not blind to the characters of **BRICE** or **SMITH**. **GORMAN** has been notoriously a protectionist for at least ten years. If these men are highwaymen, as the Democratic press declares, if they stood in the way of their party and insisted that there should be no reform of the tariff unless the Sugar Trust was satisfied, it was the party itself that gave them their point of vantage and their opportunity. The Democratic party is as responsible for **GORMAN** as it is for **WILSON**, for **SMITH** and **BRICE** as it is for **CLEVELAND**.

It may be that its defeat and its miserable and abject condition will at last teach it the wisdom which it ought to have learned many years ago, and that it will now rid itself of the leaders who have always invited distrust of it, retarded its progress, and at last turned its victory into ashes. It must be confessed that so much courage and wisdom are not to be expected of it confidently. The imbecility which attended the steps of the tariff bill does not inspire hope. If the Democratic party were wise it would not have adopted the Populist income tax. If it were courageous it would not have accepted the bill with the Sugar Trust schedule in it. It would have continued to fight for its principles with such vigor and such sincerity that the **GORMANS**, **BRICES**, **SMITHS**, **MURPHYS**, and **HILLS** would have recognized at last that they could no longer successfully pose as Democrats. It has done nothing but yield. There is nothing in the official record of the national Democratic party to show that **GORMAN**, **BRICE**, and **SMITH** will not again be able to pledge it to Louisiana or any other protectionists with whom they may make a bargain.

What the effect of all this may be on national politics it is too early to determine. The tariff question is at rest for the moment, and there will probably be no further agitation of it during Mr. **CLEVELAND**'s administration. On other questions the drift of events must settle the attitude of parties. This much, however, is certain, that for the first time in the history of the country a single monopoly, audacious, insolent, and confessedly corrupt, has succeeded in dictating to Congress a law affecting the general welfare, the revenues of the government, and the tariff policy of the country. And for this consummation the Democratic party is responsible.

THE OPPORTUNITY AND THE INADEQUACY OF THE POLITICIANS.

WHETHER the decision of the Republican State Committee be really a triumph or defeat of Mr. **PLATT**, he secured a certain deference from the very moment that the contending factions in this city brought their case into court. The amount of power and influence which he still possesses is problematical. It may be, as some of his foes contend, that he is badly frightened. That, however, does not necessarily imply that he is beaten; but it does mean that his industry will be quickened, for he will not surrender until the last moment. In the mean time the people of the city are anxious to know what they are to expect from the organization which the State Committee has now recognized as regular. Are municipal interests to be sacrificed to party ambitions? Is **PLATT** to dictate Republican policy? Are we to have a straight ticket unless a **Platt** Republican be nominated at the head of a union ticket?

Ex-Postmaster **Van Cott** and Treasurer **Thomas** of the State Committee are reported in the daily press as saying that they are for a union ticket, and that, while they hope a Republican will be the mayoralty candidate on such a ticket, they are willing to accept and support an independent Democrat if it should be determined to be necessary in order to defeat Tammany. This is the proper view to take in this crisis, and it is to be regretted that similar sentiments have not been heard from Democrats of as much influence in their party as these gentlemen possess among Republicans.

It is one of the most discouraging features of the present crisis that no politician having substantial power in his party has yet been wise enough to rise to his opportunity. Indeed, it is too early to say that there is any New York politician exercising control over an organization who would insist on leading, or taking any part, in a non-partisan movement; all that we have heard, as has been pointed out, is an expression of willingness to be non-partisan if it is inevitable. It is another proof that the ordinary machine politician in this country is an exceedingly low-grade specimen, intellectually as well as morally. He is shrewd only in circumventing men of his own kind, and in playing tricks on indifferent voters. He is incapable of taking advantage of a popular movement, of an impetus in behalf of a principle, of an uprising against a party or a corrupt government. There is nothing so overwhelming in its effect on politics in the United States as a sudden awakening of the moral sense of the people. Parties and men go down before it, but no "boss" has ever been persuaded to put himself at the head of such a movement, or to be even publicly identified with it. The victories of the people in this country are triumphs over the politicians of both parties.

This history is repeating itself this year. A large majority of the people of this city are eager to compass the overthrow of Tammany Hall at the coming municipal election. A large majority of the people of the State desire to drive the **Murphy-Hill** machine out of power at Albany. Not only this, but it is safe to say that a majority of the Democratic party is hostile to both the city and the State machines. If the strong hope of reform is defeated it will be a serious blow to the welfare of the State and its chief city. If such an untoward event happens, it will be because each party has accomplished harmony.

Harmony in politics this year means union between the good and the bad elements of each party for the sake of the party, and without any regard whatever to the public interests. It means, for example, a Republican union between men like **Platt** and men like **Joseph H. Choate** and **Elihu Root**, and a Democratic union between men like **Croker** and **Murphy** and men like **Cleveland** and **Fairchild**.

Such unions must be prevented if possible, or, if they cannot be, right-thinking, well-intentioned citizens will have such an opportunity to divorce national politics from State and municipal affairs as has never been presented to them before, and will not be again for many years if they neglect it now. So far as we know, the Democratic party leaders have no intention of taking advantage of the people's desire for reform, for their own or their party's profit. They are not wise enough for that. Their timid souls tremble at the thought of unconventional politics, and their minds are unable to grasp the significance and promise of the crisis. A good deal was naturally to have been expected from the Republican leaders who organized the revolt against **Platt** and his trading "boys" in this city, but if **Platt** is satisfied, wholly or partially, with the result of the contest between himself and the Committee of Thirty, it is because a harmony has been arranged which bodes ill to New York.

This is a time when party should be forgotten, and the leaders who do not forget it are very likely to be reminded, with a force that will make the memory of the coming election perennial, that there is something greater and more enduring in this country than party victories: that good citizenship and patriotism are still American virtues; and that as nothing so much endears a public man to his fellow-citizens as devotion to and self-sacrifice for the common interest, so nothing will more quickly send a public man into obscurity as shirking his duty in a grave crisis, whether the crisis be national, State, or municipal. Therefore, if the politicians of the Republican State Committee have come to an agreement with **Platt**, it behooves the men of that party who have anything to hope for to break the compact. They can rest assured that in doing so they will have the support of a large number of their own party's voters, and of a vast majority of the whole community. If, on the other hand, his power and influence are gone, if Mr. **Van Cott** and Mr. **Thomas** speak the controlling sentiment of the Republican party, then the State and the city are to be congratulated that at least one political party is likely to be affected by an awakened public conscience.

SENDING MONEY BY MAIL.

The Post-Office Department has furnished us a new means of sending money by mail. It is only a modification of the old money-order system, however, or a combination of the features of that system with those of the postal note, which has been in use for eleven years. Strangely enough, the postal note was never a thorough success. Intended to take the place of a fractional currency with those who desired to send small amounts by mail, it failed of popularity because, while it was no more secure than the old "shin-plaster," it was more expensive. The man or boy who had to make a ten-cent remittance, or even a twenty-five-cent remittance, did not want to pay three cents for a doubtful security simply because it was less bulky than silver and less liable to loss in the mails. The new postal order is more like the postal note than the old money-order in appearance. It has a margin divided into spaces representing dollars and cents; and an order is worth no more dollars and cents than are represented on the margin. While the postal order is payable only to the person in whose favor it has been issued, the name of that person appears on the face of the order. The old money-order carefully concealed the identity of the payee, so that a chance finder of a lost money-order would not know in whose name to claim its payment.

Although the issue of money is reserved to the Treasury Department, the first fractional paper currency used in the United States was a postal currency. At the beginning of the war currency began to grow scarce, and before long there was not nearly enough small coin in circulation to carry on the business of the country. Shopkeepers found themselves without the means of "making change." In this dilemma, it is said, General **Spinner**, the Treasurer of the United States, conceived the plan of paying for small purchases with postage-stamps. He pasted these stamps on strips of paper. Shopkeepers accepted them, and immediately they came into common use as currency. Congress, casting about for an idea to relieve the trouble caused by the scarcity of fractional currency, had strips, like the popular postage-stamp strips, printed and put in circulation. But while the postage-stamps were not redeemable at the Treasury, the postal currency issued by order of Congress was redeemable in sums of five dollars or over, and was also exchangeable for stamps. The first issue was made in August, 1862. Afterward a set of designs was prepared for miniature notes of the denomination of five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents. It was intended at one time to issue a fifteen-cent piece, but the idea was abandoned.

To the younger generation this fractional paper currency is something unique—something to be put away as a curiosity. It is a fact that this currency is not in what can be called general circulation; but it is by no means so rare as it seems. The Treasury Department redeems every year about $3000 worth of it. There is still outstanding about $15,270,000 worth, the greater part of which will never be presented for redemption. Some of it is held by collectors, some will come to light in misers' hoards. But the greater part is undoubtedly destroyed. The Treasury Department makes an enormous profit on every issue of paper currency. For example, there is about $1,750,000,000 worth of currency of the issues of 1862, '63, '64, '65, and '66 still unredeemed.

Twenty-five years ago there were no money-orders issued by express companies or by the Post-Office Department. Therefore when large sums of money were to be sent from one place to another it was for many years customary to send bills of large denomination separated into two or more pieces. A United States note of the denomination of $100 would be cut in two pieces, each piece would be put in a separate envelope, and the two envelopes would be mailed at different times. Not infrequently these mutilated bills come to the Treasury Department now for redemption. Of course they are of as much value as though they had never been cut in two.

The new postal order can be used in sending sums of $100 or less. Like the postal note, it will undoubtedly be used in its smaller denominations chiefly for sending subscriptions to newspapers and magazines. If it relieves the newspaper-publisher of the flood of postage-stamps which deluges his desk, it will be very popular with one class of business men at least.

VACATION SCHOOLS.

Schools with the above title would seem to be anomalous and the title a misnomer, and perhaps they would be to most of the readers of this journal. In New York to-day they are a blessed reality, as they have been in Boston for some eight years, to a class of children very numerous, very important to the future of the community, and very much in need of precisely the help which is thus given. Here is the history of them. The idea comes from Boston, which is not uncommon for ideas of sense and benevolence. During some two months of the summer the public schools are closed. In these vacation days the younger children of the poorer class are almost necessarily idle. There is little that they can do; there is less that they can find to do. Their homes are narrow, and generally crowded and close; their play-ground is the street; their own company and their companions embrace many whose associations, habits, ideals, are not good, are sadly often vicious. For their idle little hands and minds the work that Satan finds is not far to seek.

In New York there is an organization of intelligent men and women known as the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. That is a clumsy name, but it has the merit of being accurate. This society has secured the use of four school buildings from the Board of Education—No. 1, on Delancey and Ludlow streets; No. 77, on First Street; No. 49, on East Thirty-seventh Street; and No. 41, on West Fifty-eighth Street near Ninth Avenue. It has appropriated $5000 to provide instructors and equipment. It opened on July 23d three of these schools, free to all boys from six to ten years old, and all girls from six to fourteen.

It is proposed in these to teach kindergarten-work, drawing, and sewing. A fourth is to be devoted to teaching carpentry, mechanical drawing, and gymnastics to boys of from twelve to fourteen years of age. This latter is under the charge of Mr. **Frederic Foster**, the present instructor in the manual training school. The schools for girls and boys will be in the charge of skilled and experienced teachers. All the schools are to be open from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. for a term of six weeks.

If this be not work distinctly in the direction of "improving the condition of the poor," it is difficult to see what it is. It is help at the time and under the conditions where help is most needed, and where it is most precious and richest in its effect. It is the world-old idea of helping the needy applied to the needs that actually exist, in a way not only to relieve but to cure them, and to prevent them in the future. In the first instance, these young children are given happy, healthy occupations for body and mind, with a distinct and efficient motive that of itself is a most beneficent thing. In the next place, they are taught the intelligent and conscious use of their faculties, which is a tonic to their self-respect, and a safeguard against drifting to the bad under the influences that surround them, and which get their greatest strength from the weak will that idleness produces. Then they are taught such activities as will make them at once more eager and more capable in earning their own support honestly and well. Finally, they are given invaluable, though indirect and unconscious, training in respect and affection for those classes of society of which otherwise they would have only a vague and ignorant envy and jealousy. Full information as to this work can be had of **F. S. Longworth**, Room 207, United Charities Building, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street; and checks marked for the "School Fund" may be sent to **Warner Van Norden**, Treasurer, 25 Nassau Street.

COLOR AND TONE.

At the Summer Meeting of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, recently held in Philadelphia, the lecturer on Æsthetics announced a theory of color which has features of rather startling significance. He called attention to the analogy between color and tone sketched in No. 1935 of **Harper's Weekly** under the caption "An Obsolescent Color," and traced it boldly to its conclusion.

Both tone and color are the result of vibration. A cord vibrating slowly makes a sound; if it vibrates with sufficient rapidity it makes light. A wire swinging at the rate of 256 times a second gives a tone known as middle C; one going twice as fast, its octave. When it reaches 50,000 vibrations a second its sound is so shrill as to be inaudible. Now if the wire be of platinum, an electric current may be passed through it, and it may be heated—that is, its molecules may be made to vibrate with great speed, and give off ether waves precisely like those of sound, only much shorter. When the wire reaches a temperature of 540° centigrade it has a vibratory speed of 395 trillions of waves a second. At this point it begins to emit light, and if this light be analyzed it will be found to be red. As the temperature is further raised the red gives place to orange, orange to yellow, that to green, and so on, till purple passes through violet and faint lilac into white. The appended table shows the wave-length and the speed of vibration of the six proper colors:

	Wave-length in millimetres.	Number of waves per second.
Red (dark)	.000760	395,000,000,000,000
Orange	.000656	458,000,000,000,000
Yellow	.000589	510,000,000,000,000
Green	.000527	570,000,000,000,000
Blue	.000451	655,000,000,000,000
Purple (light)	.000380	790,000,000,000,000

A glance at this table shows that a purple wave is just half the length of a red one, or, putting it the other way, that while 395 trillions of waves a second give the effect of red, twice as many produce purple. The solar spectrum seems to be a sort of octave of color. Certainly red may be likened to a low musical tone, purple to a high one.

Now for the astonishing meaning of these facts. It is impossible not to believe that both tone and color are present everywhere. There is a difference in tint between a violin's sounding A string and its E. There is a difference of sound between crimson and orange. It is no fancy, it is a literal fact that a concerto is also a picture, and a painting a symphony. It is no fancy that the revolving spheres make music. The world is filled with color and with harmony; with keener eyes we should see it. Ordinarily, the human ear cannot hear a tone made by less than sixteen vibrations, nor by more than 50,000, a second. Some people cannot hear crickets; many are deaf to a bat's cry; singing mice sing but to few. Likewise, few can see color made by more than 800 trillions of vibrations a second.

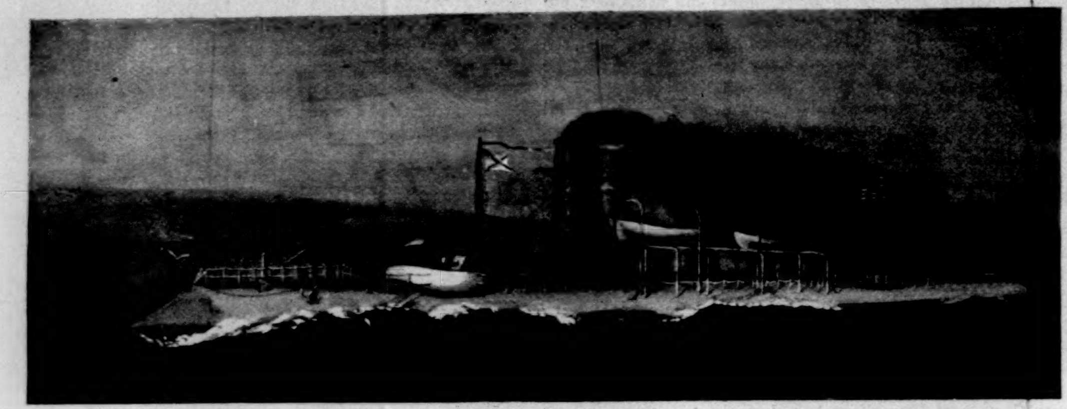
It is a fact which all will remember at this point that the ability to hear high tones is cultivable. Is it not possible, likewise, to cultivate a sensibility to the higher colors?

There is little doubt that it is possible. Something like it has already taken place. The human race is gradually ascending the color scale. Civilization has distinctly refined our sensitiveness to the higher tints Savages love red; uncultured and inferior races are notoriously devoted to yellow; blue has no following among them; some early peoples of considerable but not of modern refinement thought well of purple, but it was a red purple. The more delicate tints have waited till now for appreciation—violet, lilac, and lavender are quite modern colors.

These considerations justify the method of the illuminist. Thoughtful men have all along been unwilling to believe that so general an agreement as exists among modern painters that they see purple everywhere can be entirely the result of a subjective notion, or that the painting in violets is altogether a fad. Is not one warranted in believing that the illuminist school is the product of generations of artistic scrutiny of nature, and that its adherents, with keener eyes, do detect in shadows, upon waters, in all grays, clouds, mists, smoke-drifts, and snow expanses, those tints of high pitch, invisible to common sight, as shrill tones are inaudible to untrained ears?

Color-blindness among Indians is very low—perhaps less than one per cent. About four per cent. of civilized men are color-blind; and by the expression "color-blind" we mean blind to red. Color-blind persons fail to see only the low colors; they have no difficulty with the other end of the spectrum. Civilization, then, seems to be exterminating red. That is to say, while the race is gaining the power to see high colors, it is losing the power to see the low ones.

The fact that the percentage of red-blindness among women is about the same as among Indians is in accord with the Philadelphia lecturer's observation that the purple style of painting rarely wins favor among women.



UNITED STATES HARBOR-DEFENCE RAM "KATAHDIN."

TWO POWERFUL AMERICAN WAR-SHIPS.

BY R. G. SKERRETT.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "KATAHDIN."

By act of Congress of March 2, 1889, the Navy Department was authorized to build a twin-screw armor-plated harbor-defence ram upon the design of Rear-Admiral Ammen, U.S.N., retired, and on January 28. 1891, the contract was awarded the Bath Iron-Works, of Bath, Maine, the contract price being $930,000.

The *Katahdin* is a craft of unique design, and cannot be said to belong to any established class of war-ships. She is of the whaleback type, and in some respects—those of low freeboard and heavy hull-protection—resembles the common idea of the Monitor.

Intended to ram the enemy, and in that way to do the most possible damage, her whole offensive power is concentrated in her formidable ram-head of cast steel. Virtually the vessel is an immense automatic, aquatic projectile of 2183 tons, driven by a double set of triple-expansion engines at the rate of seventeen knots an hour, and able to deliver a blow of 56,000 foot-tons.

The structural bracing of the vessel has been carefully designed to insure great strength, and an equal distribution along the axis of the whole body of the shock of impact, the cigarlike form of the hull facilitating that end.

From the collision bulkhead to the stern the vessel has an inner bottom, and between the inner and outer bottoms and the inner skin and deck armor the craft is divided into more than a hundred water-tight compartments, and by flooding certain of the compartments of the double bottom the vessel is submerged to her fighting trim.

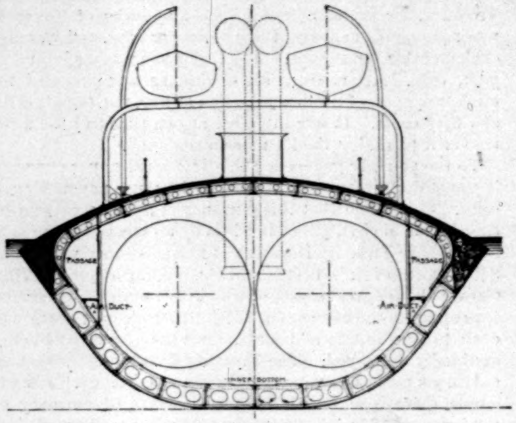
To shield herself from the blows of the enemy, the *Katahdin* will depend upon the deflective power of her curved armor, which tapers from the outboard strake in toward the centre line from 6 to 2½ inches, and upon her limited exposure of hull, the conning-tower, ventilators, and smoke-pipe being the only important targets for an enemy's fire. The four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns are to repel torpedo-boats.

The armor throughout the vessel is of nickel-steel. All the hatches leading below through the armor-deck are to be protected by battle-plates, and the smoke-pipe and ventilators are to have inclined armor six inches thick. The conning-tower, which is placed well forward to give a commanding view in fighting the ship, is to be almost eighteen inches thick.

The vessel's principal dimensions and special features are: 250 feet 9 inches length on load water-line; 43 feet 5 inches breadth, extreme; 15 feet mean draught; 4800 indicated horse-power; 17 knots speed, maximum sustained; 236.88 tons total coal-bunker capacity.

The engines are of the triple-expansion type, one set actuating each screw, and in separate water-tight compartments, with cylinders of 25, 36, and 56 inches, having a stroke of 36 inches, and a piston speed of 150 revolutions a minute. There are two main double-ended boilers 13 feet 8 inches by 22 feet 6 inches, and one auxiliary single-ended boiler 13 feet 8 inches by 11 feet 7 inches, giving a total grate surface of 354 square feet, and a total heating surface of 13,190 square feet, the working pressure to be 160 pounds.

Like a number of other vessels for the service, the *Katahdin's* completion has been materially delayed by the non-delivery of armor.



CROSS-SECTIONAL VIEW OF "KATAHDIN."

When the vessel is submerged to her fighting trim she buries the knuckle of her heavy armor-deck plating a foot below the surface, and, as an old Jack Tar expressed it, "Blow me if she don't carry her water-line on deck!" In action she is intended to strike fairly head on, the sharp edges of her sides to cut like an oyster-knife into the enemy's plating below the water-line. The possible consequences of a mass of such proportions rushing at a foe have been shown with awful impressiveness in the case of the ill-fated *Victoria*.

UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "BROOKLYN."

The *Brooklyn*, now building at Cramp's ship-yard, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to which firm the contract for construction was awarded for $2,986,000, was authorized by act of Congress approved July 19, 1892, and a little over a year later the keel was laid.

The *Brooklyn* is the outcome of the *New York*, and so much in general like her classmate that for months prior to her naming she was known as the new *New York*. She is, in fact, an improved *New York*, and a finer and more advanced type of the armored cruiser than her prototype.

Her principal dimensions and general features are: Length on load water-line, 400 feet 6 inches; beam, extreme, 64 feet; mean draught, 24 feet; displacement, 9153 tons; maximum indicated horse-power (estimated), 16,000 tons; speed in knots an hour (estimated), 20; coal-bunker capacity, 1753 tons.

In the new ship a forecastle-deck has been added, thereby increasing the freeboard forward eight feet, at the same time incidentally raising the forward 8-inch gun-turret correspondingly. The augmentation of the freeboard increases materially the sea-going efficiency of the craft, permits working the guns in the forward turret in almost any fighting condition of the sea, and secures greater comfort to the crew.

The "tumble home" or inward slope of the ship's sides amidships admits of a complete fore-and-aft fire for the broadside turret guns, gives an easier curve of stability, and decreased weight of hull to offset the increase due to addition of forecastle-deck.

The main battery will consist of eight 8-inch breech-loading rifles and twelve 5-inch breech-loading rifles of the rapid-fire type; and the secondary battery will be composed of twelve 6-pounder and four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns and four Gatlings.

The 8-inch guns are mounted in pairs in four nickel-steel Harveyized turrets, 5½ inches thick, one forward and one aft on the centre line, and one on each side amidships. The guns in the forward and after turrets have a train of 310 degrees, while the guns in the broadside turrets have a train from right ahead to right astern of 180 degrees. By this arrangement of battery it is possible to concentrate six 8-inch guns ahead, astern, or abeam, as opposed to four ahead or astern or five abeam as is possible on the *New York*. The 5-inch guns are protected by fixed segmental shields of nickel-steel four inches thick, and as a further protection against fragments of shell exploding between-decks, splinter bulkheads 1½ inches in thickness have been worked between the 5-inch gun stations.

Although the indicated horse-power of the engines of the new ship is the same as that designed for the *New York*, the increased length of twenty feet will enable the *Brooklyn* to obtain approximately the same maintained sea speed; and her total coal-bunker capacity, 1753 tons, is nearly 30 per cent. greater than that of the *New York*. It has been estimated that she can easily go from New York to San Francisco without recoaling.

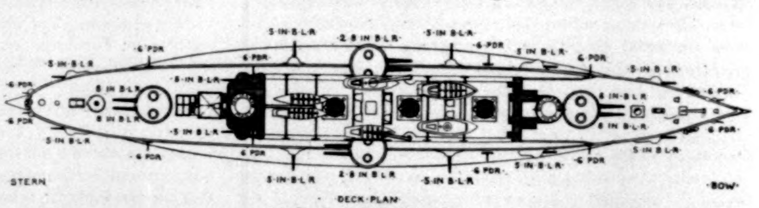
The vessel will have twin screws; and the engines are to be of the vertical, triple-expansion type, four in number, two on each shaft, and in four compartments. The forward engines to be readily uncoupled from the after engines for cruising at low speed. The boilers are placed in three compartments and are seven in number, five of them being double-ended and two single ended, and are to have a working pressure of 160 pounds. The screws are to make 129 revolutions a minute.

There will be a refrigerating plant capable of making a ton of ice daily, besides keeping cool the cold-storage room. The ship will be lighted by electricity, the turrets moved by steam, and the guns capable of being fed from the ammunition-tubes at any angle of fire; the ship will handle her coal by means of two hoisting-engines, each capable of lifting 1000 pounds at the rate of 300 feet a minute; steam-power will steer the ship, handle the boats, discharge ashes, and lessen muscular exertion in hundreds of directions; and she will have two evaporators and two distillers, having a combined capacity of 10,000 gallons of potable water in twenty-four hours.

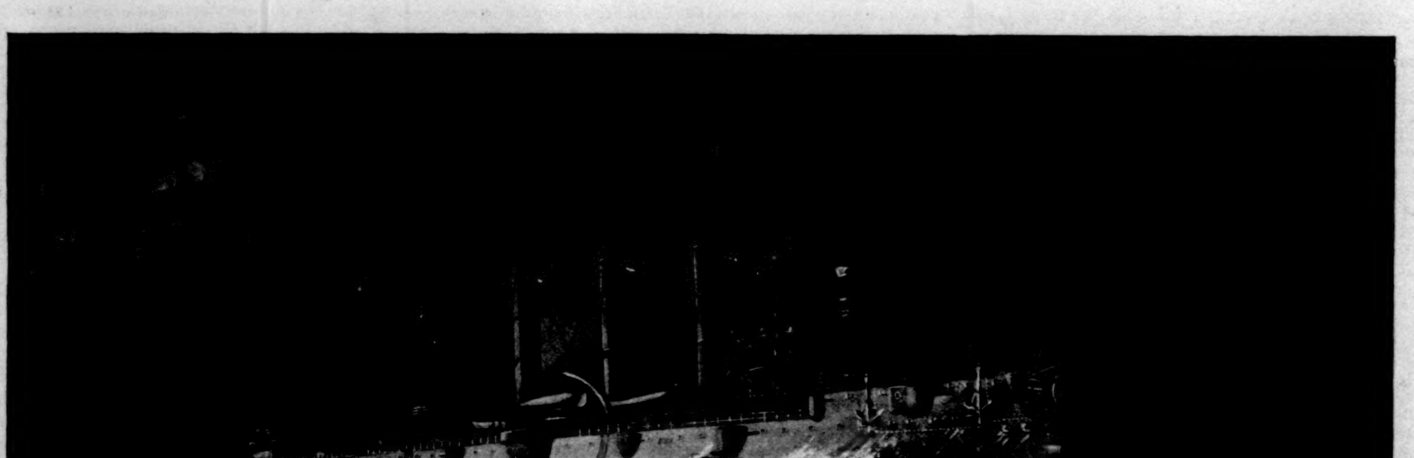
Protection of the hull is to be afforded by means of a belt of Harveyized nickel-steel, 3 inches thick, extending the length of the machinery and boiler space, and in depth from 4 feet above to 4 feet 3 inches below the 24-foot water-line. Inwardly the safety of the ship will be maintained by a protective deck of nickel-steel worked from stem to stern. This deck will be 6 inches thick over the machinery and boilers at the slopes, and 3 inches thick on the flat portion immediately overhead; and forward and abaft the machinery and boilers, to stem and stern, the deck is to be at the thinnest part at least 2½ inches thick. Within the outside armor-belt and plating, and above the protective deck, and throughout the entire length of the vessel there will be a belt of cellulose 3½ feet wide.

The 1-pounder rapid-fire guns and Gatlings will be carried on the superstructure and in the tops of the military masts, to which access will be had by the spiral stairways within the masts. There will be five torpedo-tubes—one bow, and two on each broadside.

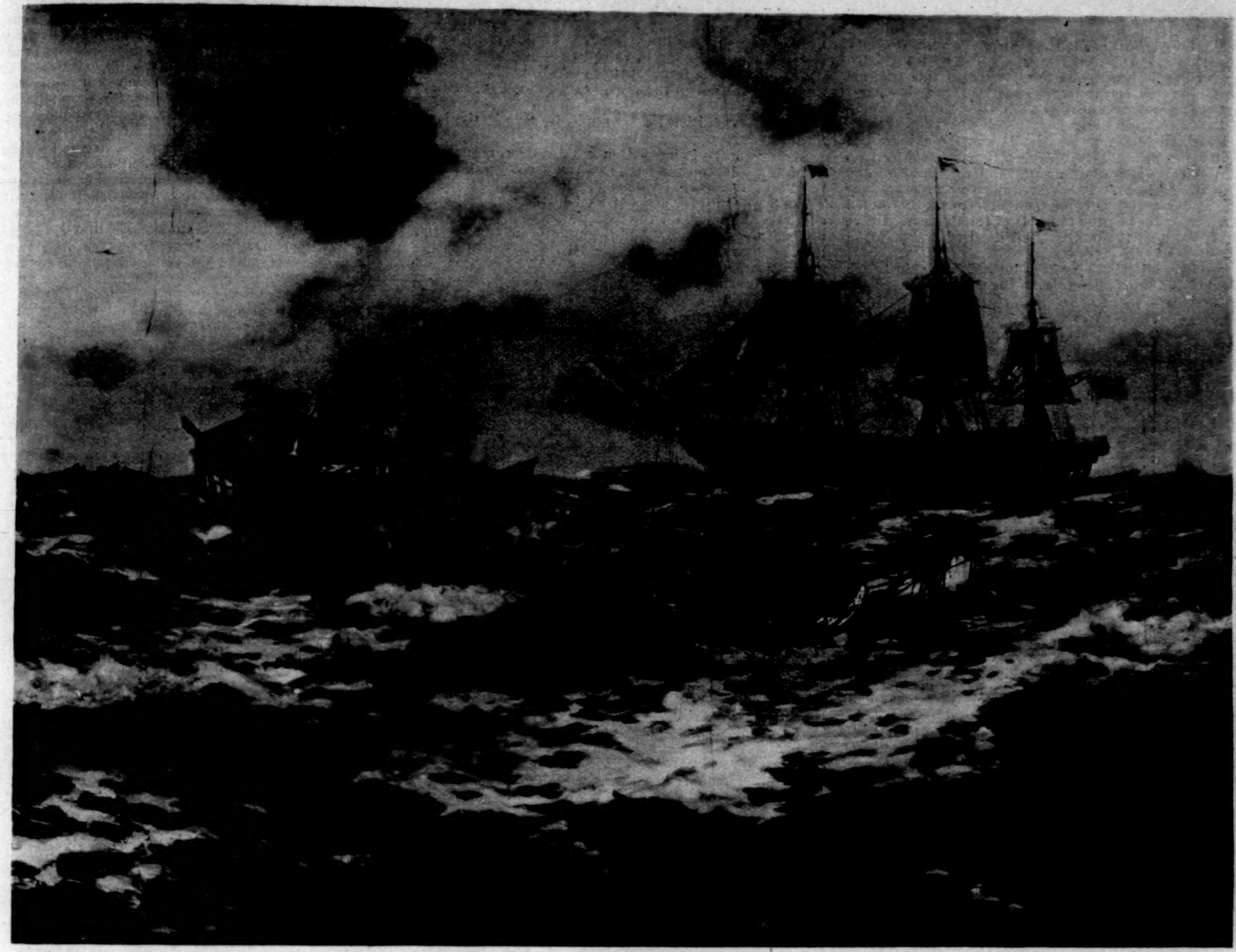
Compared with the most recent types of armored cruisers of foreign navies, the *Brooklyn's* offensive and defensive qualities greatly surpass those of any similar class of craft afloat or in course of construction. She will be able to combat anything of her kind, and, owing to her greater facility of manœuvring and large number of rapid-fire guns of heavy calibre, possibly a battle-ship. The armored cruisers are the cavalry of the sea, and to them will fall the honor of the most distinguished service, and the commission of such deeds of daring as will combine dash and might with fearlessness and cunning.



U·S·S BROOKLYN.



UNITED STATES ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN."



THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "GUERRIÈRE."—From the Painting by Carlton T. Chapman.

THE FIRST FRIGATE ACTION OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY JAMES BARNES.

THE history of the naval combats of our second war with Great Britain, the career of the frigate *Constitution*, and the deeds of our Yankee commodores will never be forgotten as long as we have a navy or continue to be a nation. England, it must be remembered, had held the seas for centuries. In no combat between single ships (when the forces were anything like equal) had she lost a vessel. The French fleets, under orders of their own government, ran away from hers, and the Spanish captains had allowed their ships' timbers to rot for years in blockaded harbors. Nevertheless, this was the age of honor, of gallantry, of the stiff duelling code, when men bowed, passed compliments, and fought one another to death with a parade of courtesy that has left trace to-day in the conduct of the intercourse between all naval powers. In the duels of the ships in the past that have stirred the naval world America has records that are monuments to her seamen, and that must arouse the pride of every officer who sails in her great steel cruisers.

Up to the affair of the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*, in 1812, the British had not tested in battle the seamanship or naval metal of their American opponents. With the exception of the action between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*, the war of '76 was a repelled invasion. Ever since the opening of the century, British men-of-war, conscious of their power and prestige, had insulted our merchant-vessels and even the ships of our little navy time after time. Following their declaration of the "Right of Search," they overhauled the merchantmen, and continually impressed American seamen into the service of King George. On the 22nd June, 1807, H. M. S. *Leopard*, under this insolent and infamous assumption, even waylaid and fired a broadside into our frigate *Chesapeake* (the luckless *Chesapeake*), who, totally unprepared for action, hauled down her flag after losing three men killed and eighteen wounded. She was searched, and four of her able seamen were impressed into the hated navy of Great Britain. America and England were then at peace, and the latter disavowed the action of Admiral Berkeley, the British commander, and for a time suspended him; but in the words of a writer then living, "they soon after appointed him to a more important command"—an evidence of the real attitude of their government.

Four years later came the affair of the U. S. S. *President* and the *Little Belt*. This, however, had a different sequel. Not deigning to answer a hail, the rash English captain even dared to fire at the larger American, whereupon he was promptly blown nearly out of the water, an event which probably surprised him not a little. It was now apparent that war was soon to follow; the short-sighted "gunboat policy" of Mr. Jefferson was abandoned, and the hammers began to ring in our scattered navy-yards. At this time we had but five vessels of any description in commission—the *President*, 44 guns; the *United States*, 44 guns; the *Constitution*, 44; the *Essex*, 32; and the *Congress*, 36. Every one of these, commanded by men who, like Stevenson's "British Admirals," "courted war like a mistress," was destined to win fame and glory for America, and bring captive into American ports ships of equal strength that had flown the hitherto unconquered standard of St. George. The British navy at this time consisted of about one thousand sail, of which two hundred and eighty-three were of the line. War was declared by Congress against Great Britain on the 18th June, 1812. A few days after this the *Belvidera*, one of his Majesty's ships cruising in our waters, refused to give combat to the *President*, throwing away her anchors, stoving her boats and water-casks to help her flight, and escaping under a press of sail after a running combat of two hours at a range too long for vital execution.

This short résumé brings us down to the 19th of August, eighty-two years ago, when took place the fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*, the first frigate action of the war of 1812.

A month before this date the *Constitution*, under the command of Commodore Hull, had made her wonderful escape from Broke's squadron after a chase of over sixty hours, and with this very squadron (that was stronger than our whole navy at the time), and among the first of the pursuers, was the *Guerrière*, 38, under the command of Captain James Richard Dacres, who was soon to be a guest on board the ship he had so longed to meet.

The twenty-four hours of the 19th of August began with light breezes that freshened as the morning wore on. The *Constitution* was slipping southward through the long rolling seas. Her cruise since she had left Boston, two weeks before, had been uneventful. Vainly had she sought from Cape Sable to the region of Halifax, from Nova Scotia to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for any sign of a foe worthy her metal. It was getting on towards two o'clock, her men had finished their mid-day meal, the afternoon drills had not begun, and an observation showed the ship to be in latitude 41° 40′ and longitude 55° 48′. Suddenly "Sail ho!" from the mast-head stirred the groups on the forecastle, and caused the officer pacing the weather side of the quarter-deck to stop suddenly and raise his head.

"Where away?" he shouted to the voice far up above the booming sails.

Almost before he could get the answer the stranger's topsails were visible from the lower rigging, into which the midshipmen and idlers had scrambled, and a few moments later they could be seen from the upper deck. She was too far off to show her character, but bore E.S.E., a faint dot against the wide horizon.

Hull came immediately from his cabin. He was a large fat man whose excitable temperament was held in strong control. His eye gleamed when he saw the distant speck of white. Immediately the *Constitution's* course was altered, and with her light sails set she was running free, with kites all drawing, and the chase looming clearer and clearer each anxious minute of the time. At three o'clock it was plainly seen that she was a large ship, on the starboard tack, close-hauled on the wind, and under easy sail. In half an hour her ports could be descried through the glass, and loud murmurs of satisfaction ran through the ship's company. The officers smiled congratulations at one another, and Hull's broad face shone with his suppressed emotion. In his official account Hull speaks of the conduct of his crew before the fight in the following words: "It gives me great pleasure to say that from the smallest boy in the ship to the oldest seaman not a look of fear was seen. They went into action giving three cheers, and requesting to be laid close to the enemy." Every minute now the *Constitution* gained on the stranger, who held her course, as if entirely oblivious of her pursuer's presence.

When within three miles, and to leeward, Hull shortened sail and cleared the decks; the drum beat to quarters, and the men sprang to their stations. No crew was ever better prepared to do battle for any cause or country. Although few of them had ever been in action before, they had been drilled until they had the handling of the clumsy iron guns down to the point of excellence. They had been taught to fire on the falling of a sea and to hull their opponent, if possible, at every shot. They loved and trusted their commander, were proud of their ship, and burned to avenge the wrongs to which many had been subjected, for the merchant service had furnished almost half their number.

As soon as Hull took in his sail the stranger backed her own main-topsail yard, came up into the wind, and waited. Then it could be seen that *her* men were all at quarters also. Hull raised his flag. Immediately in response up went to every mast-head of the waiting ship the red cross of old England. It was growing late in the afternoon, the breeze had freshened, and the white-caps had begun to jump on every side. The crew of the *Constitution* broke into three ringing cheers as their grand old craft bore down upon the enemy. When almost within range the English let go her broadside, filled away, wore ship, and fired her other broadside on the other tack. The shot fell short, and the *Constitution* reserved her fire. For three-quarters of an hour the two yawed about and manœuvred, trying to rake and to avoid being raked in turn. Occasionally the *Constitution* fired a gun; her men were white with impatience. At six in the evening the enemy, seeing all attempts to outsail her antagonist were in vain, showed a brave indication of wishing to close and fight. Nearer the two approached, the American in silence.

"Shall I fire?" inquired Lieutenant Morris, Hull's second in command.

"Not yet," replied Hull, quietly.

The bows of the *Constitution* began to double the quarter of the enemy. The latter's shot began to start the sharp white splinters flying about *Constitution's* decks.

"Shall I fire?" again asked Lieutenant Morris.

"Not yet, sir," was Hull's answer, spoken almost beneath his breath. Suddenly he bent forward. "Now, boys," he shouted loudly, so that his voice rang above the enemy's shots and the roaring of the seas under the quarter, "pour it into them!" It was at this point, so the story goes, that Hull, crouching in his excitement, split his tight knee-breeches from waistband to buckle.

The *Constitution's* guns were double-shotted with round and grape. The broadside was as one single explosion, and the destruction was terrific. The enemy's decks were flooded, and the blood ran out of the scuppers — her cockpit filled with the wounded. For a few minutes, shrouded in smoke, they fought at the distance of a half pistol-shot, but in that short space of time the Englishman was literally torn to pieces in hull, spars, sails, and rigging.

As her mizzenmast gave way the Englishman brought up into the wind, and the *Constitution* forged slowly ahead, fired again, luffed short around the other's bows, and, owing to the heavy sea, fell foul of her antagonist, with her bowsprit across her larboard quarter. While in this position Hull's cabin was set on fire by the enemy's forward battery, and part of the crew were called away from the guns to extinguish the threatening blaze.

Now both sides tried to board. It was the old style of fighting for the British tars, and they bravely swarmed on deck at the call, "Boarders away!" and the shrill piping along the 'tween decks. The Americans were preparing for the same attempt, and three of their officers who mounted the taffrail were shot by the muskets of the English. Brave Lieutenant Bush, of the marines, fell dead with a bullet in his brain.

The swaying and grinding of the huge ships against each other made boarding impossible, and it was at this anxious moment that the sails of the *Constitution* filled; she fell off and shot ahead. Hardly was she clear when the foremast of the enemy fell, carrying with it the wounded mainmast, and leaving the proud vessel of a few hours before a helpless wreck, "rolling like a log in the trough of the sea, entirely at the mercy of the billows."

It was now nearly seven o'clock. The sky had clouded over, the wind was freshening, and the sea was growing heavy. Hull drew off for repairs, rove new rigging, secured his masts, and, wearing ship, again approached, ready to pour in a final broadside. It was not needed. Before the *Constitution* could fire, the flag which had been flying at the stump of the enemy's mizzenmast was struck. The fight was over.

A boat was lowered from the *Constitution*, and Lieutenant Read, the third officer, rowing to the prize, inquired, with "Captain Hull's compliments," if she had struck her flag. He was answered by Captain Dacres—who must have possessed a sense of humor—that for very obvious reasons she certainly had done so.

To quote a few words from Hull's account of the affair—he says, "After informing that so fine a ship as the *Guerrière*, commanded by an able and experienced officer, had been totally dismasted and otherwise cut to pieces, so as to not make her worth towing into port, in the short space of thirty minutes (actual fighting time), you can have no doubt of the gallantry and good conduct of the officers and ship's company I have the honor to command."

In the *Constitution* seven were killed and seven wounded; in the *Guerrière*, fifteen killed, sixty-two wounded—including several officers and the captain, who was wounded slightly—and twenty-four were missing.

The next day, owing to the reasons shown in Hull's report, the *Guerrière* was set on fire. At 3.15 in the afternoon she blew up; and this was the end of the ship whose commander had sent a personal message to Captain Hull some weeks before, requesting the "honor of a tête-à-tête at sea."

A UNIVERSITY OF THE CENTRAL WEST.

WHETHER it be the progressiveness which is born of the freedom of the Western plains, or the influence of the cultivation of the Mother East, or whether it be some other cause, unfindable in a study of scholastic problems, the fact remains patent that the cause of higher education in America has nowhere more steadfast supporters, nowhere more loyal legislative friends, than in that portion of the country which we may designate as the Central West.

The universities of this Central West have reached a commanding position, a position at once significant and hopeful. They have had the struggles and the triumphs of the educational institutions of the older East, but they have been sharper struggles and quicker triumphs.

Although people do things more rapidly in the West, in one line, however, they have been both radical and conservative—the line of higher education: radical in that they have pushed State aid almost to the point of extravagance; conservative in that they have maintained a continuous adherence to high educational standards.

One of the most interesting of these new universities is the State University of Minnesota, located in the city of Minneapolis. It has increased in numbers, wealth, and influence as the West has come more and more to make itself felt as a dominant influence in the nation's many-sided life.

In 1851, when Minnesota was yet in Territorial swaddling-clothes, Governor Ramsay urged the need of an institution for popular higher education. Through many vicissitudes the institution then made its way, until the year 1868, when it became fully organized and equipped. In the report of the Board of Regents for the fiscal year ending December 22, 1868, it is noted that there were five instructors and one hundred and nine students. The following year the number of students was two hundred and thirty—thirteen in the collegiate and two hundred and seventeen in the Latin or preparatory school. In the year 1873 the first class was graduated, consisting of two young men who had completed the classical course. This was twenty-one years ago.

To-day the university has a faculty of one hundred and twenty professors and instructors and a large corps of lecturers; there are nearly eighteen hundred students, of whom nearly five hundred are young women; there is a graduating class in '94 of two hundred and fifty. In all departments there is an annual income, aside from special legislative appropriations of $190,000, to be increased after this school year closes to $220,000 per year; over $200,000 is now paid out annually in general current expenses, and there will have been expended for buildings devoted to the interests of the various colleges, when the Library and Assembly Hall shall have been completed this autumn, $870,000. This is exclusive of equipment.

Strictly speaking, the colleges are as follows: The College of Science, Literature, and the Arts; College of Engineering, Metallurgy, and the Mechanic Arts; College of Agriculture, with School of Agriculture and Experiment Station; Department of Law; College of Medicine and Surgery; College of Homœopathic Medicine and Surgery; College of Dentistry; College of Pharmacy.

The university derives the revenue for its constantly increasing expenditures from the State—from legislative appropriations, from the sale of lands, from interest on land contracts—and from fees from the law and medical departments, the latter amounting this year to $36,000. When this school year ends the former legislative appropriation ceases, and its place will be taken by the revenue from an annual tax levy of $\frac{3}{20}$ of a mill on the dollar of the taxable property of the State, to bring in about $95,000 annually. It may be of interest to note that the university possesses property amounting in value to $2,000,000, much of which is constantly increasing in value.

So much for statistical matter, not always interesting, but always significant to those who care to look below the surface.

There is no tuition fee for students, save in the law and medical courses.

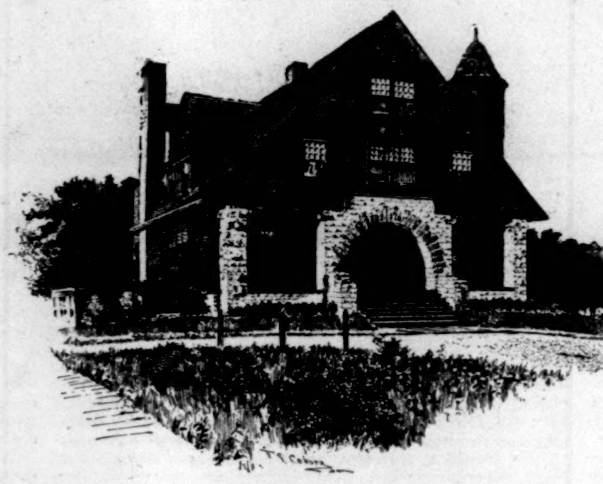
The university is located on a splendid campus, a piece of high ground on the banks of the Mississippi, in one of the finest residence portions of the city of Minneapolis. There are about fifty acres of land in the campus, which is admirably situated for the athletic as well as the æsthetic needs of the students. And the athletic side of the student life is not overlooked or neglected. The football team of the institution, throughout a long series of brilliant contests with the leading elevens of the whole West, has never been defeated. Other athletics are heartily encouraged, and military drill, under the direction of an officer of the regular army, is obligatory upon all Freshmen, and for one term of the Sophomore year. The annual field days of the university are among the interesting evidences of the strength of the athletic spirit.

In the past ten years, under a system of self-government, there has not been a case of hazing in the institution. The students are a sturdy, aggressive, flesh-and-blood lot, clear-headed and strong. They have two unfailing checks—the unwritten law which teaches self-respect and instils courtesy to others, and the check (or shall we call it the safety-valve?) of unrestricted engagement in sensible athletics.

The literary work of the institution is fruitful of excellent results. There are well-sustained literary societies for debate and oration; there is a weekly college paper, the *Ariel*, published by the students (to be merged into a daily after the 1st of September, 1894); there is the *University Bulletin*, the official publication of the faculty, devoted to university news and to the publication of synopses of papers on original investigations made by the professors and students.

While the University of Minnesota has had many stanch friends, two men have done more to make it the splendid success it is than any others. One of these is ex-Governor John S. Pillsbury. Mr. Pillsbury is not a college man himself, but he has had the deepest interest in all college-work. He early became a friend to the university, and has shown his friendship in many ways. He has taken an active interest in the details of university affairs, and has served continuously on its Board of Regents for thirty years.

The other man referred to is President Cyrus Northrop.



THE SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE.

Few institutions, East or West, have been so fortunate in their presidents. He came from Yale College, where he had held an important professorship, in the year 1884. He has been the most important factor in the growth of the university. Twelve hundred students have been graduated with degrees, the most of them since his supervision began, and in the past three years more students have been graduated than in all the previous history of the institution. President Northrop is a broad-minded man of positive convictions. He is respected and honored by all the students, for he possesses unbounded tact and personal magnetism. He is an eloquent public speaker, and is giving the best years of his life to this institution, and in its marked success he is reaping a magnificent reward.

The University of Minnesota, now the second State institution of its kind in size in the United States, has become a powerful educational factor, and a commanding proof of the steadfast rise of scholarship in the Central West.

On the night of August 9th the Coliseum, a large semicircular frame building on the university campus, was destroyed by fire. The building was erected about ten years ago. It had been the theatre of some interesting events aside from the annual commencement exercises, the class-day exercises, president's receptions, and the like. It had a large seating capacity, accommodating nearly 6000 people. The main floor of the auditorium was used, when needed, as a drill hall for the cadets of the university. The State educational exhibit, the United States forestry exhibit, with 400 stands of rifles, 8000 rounds of ammunition, and two cannon, were destroyed. The arms and ammunition were the property of the United States government. The total loss was about $60,000.

W. S. HARWOOD.

THE SUNKEN GARDEN OF COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON.

COPLEY SQUARE stands in a similar relation to the newer growth of Boston that Madison Square does to that of New York. Although the Back Bay district was the result of exceptionally careful planning with an eye to future growth and needs, the existence of an open square upon this site is a result of accidental development. In laying out the "made land" of the new quarter the site now occupied by the Museum of Fine Arts was reserved by the Commonwealth for an institution of that character, and the encouragement thus given furnished perhaps the leading motive for the establishment of the museum. Simultaneously with the building of the museum Richardson's noble design for Trinity Church was realized. At the same time the Old South Society built its new church on another corner of the square, complementing with its graceful, campanile-like tower the grander and more rugged mass of Trinity.

These circumstances led to the reservation of a large triangular space in the present square for public use. But it was not until after the Public Library, on the side of the square opposite Trinity, had been determined upon that a smaller triangular space in front of the great church was rescued from the danger of private occupancy. In this way a genuine open square, in the true sense of the word, was assured for a spot that gradually assumed the shape for which its situation most felicitously adapts it, and which appears destined to become perhaps the very centre of greater Boston. With the important institutions giving upon it, and with other leading institutions of art and learning in the immediate neighborhood, Copley Square is already the centre of Boston's intellectual life.

In its character as a public open space Copley Square has thus far been quite without design, consisting merely of two triangular grass-plots separated by the roadway of Huntington Avenue, as originally planned. The architectural environment of the square makes it a matter of peculiar importance that this space should receive the worthiest possible artistic treatment.

The competition instituted by the Boston Society of Architects, therefore, for improving the site, proved highly attractive. The four prizes offered were small as money considerations, but the problem was a fascinating one, and its proper solution meant the promotion of a public-spirited enterprize.

When the awards were made the designs were exhibited publicly. The general interest was so great that a second exhibition was held upon a large scale some weeks later, with the object of emphasizing the lesson conveyed, by showing in connection therewith a large collection of plans and photographs of the best examples of the architectural and monumental embellishment of public squares and gardens in European cities.

The four prizes were awarded for as many designs of marked excellence. The first prize went to Mr. C. Howard Walker, and the second to Mr. Arthur Rotch—both prominent young Boston architects.

Both of these designs were distinguished by such exceptional qualities that the society paid the two artists the compliment of a request to join in the preparation of a new design. This was lately agreed upon, and it has just been recommended to the city government by the society. Very appropriately, it embodies the essential features of both designs. Mr. Walker's original work, for instance, called for the employment of shade trees—the element of foliage being regarded as, in this case, necessary to bring into harmonious relationship the diversified architecture of the locality—and means were provided whereby the extensive traffic at present crossing the square diagonally would not be materially interrupted. Mr. Rotch's design called for a sunken garden in the middle of the square.

In the new design these features and advantages are united, and the joint production has been received with such enthusiastic approbation that the city government can hardly with good grace refuse to accept it, especially as the estimated cost—not over $100,000 for the essential features, without sculptural decoration—is very moderate. The sunken garden will make a strikingly beautiful effect. The balustrades and other decorative stone-work are to be of marble, and the terraces will be adorned with turf, flowering shrubs, and perhaps bedding plants discreetly employed. The sculptural adornment can be gradually supplied, according to occasion and available resources, its purpose being either commemorative or purely decorative.

From the depressed level of the garden the Library will gain in apparent height, and in certain ways its dignity will be increased. Such a foreground will also greatly enrich the structure, the simplicity of the long façade finding decorative contrast in the more complex though definite character of the garden; luxuriant, but not over-elaborate in its superb formality, with its statuary, its fountain, its verdure and bloom, and the vistas and glimpses of the light-hued and graceful stone-work through and above the foliage of the surrounding trees.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

DASTARDLY WORK.

It has very seldom, if ever, happened that strikers have taken the course pursued on the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad, near Lincoln, Nebraska, on the 9th of this month. The dastardly wretches who wrecked the Rock Island train chose a lonely place where the Union Pacific and Burlington and Quincy railroads run parallel, and are crossed on a high trestle by the Rock Island road. On this trestle they loosened the fish-plates and removed one rail.

When the local train, about ten o'clock at night, reached this part of the trestle, the engine and the two cars immediately behind fell, while the third coach stood up on end. It was a wonder that any one on the train survived this fall. The engineer and fireman were killed instantly, and every man in the smoking-car perished. Some of the passengers, Messrs. Foote, Bills, and McDonald conspicuous among them, after crawling out from the wreck, did all that they could in rescuing those more seriously wounded and those who were pinioned by the wreckage. But they did not have long for this work of mercy, as the wreckage caught fire, and in a little while the heat was so great that the rescuers were driven off. Just before the flames reached them the express messenger and railway-mail clerk were taken out. The train conductor was pinioned down, and was in sight. He called piteously for aid, but the flames reached him before he could be extricated from his position, and he was burned to death. There were fifteen lives lost outright, and every human being on the train was more or less wounded.

An examination of the trestle after the train had been wrecked showed plainly how deliberately the work had been done, and with what fiendish malice. Mere train-robbers would not have selected a local train to work upon, for local trains do not usually carry any property of great value. The conclusion is inevitable that this great crime was committed by strikers, who had borrowed for the occasion, at least, the plans of the anarchists, who idly fancy that they can frighten the whole world into permitting them to have their mad way. When the perpetrators of this deed are caught, and they surely will be caught, they are likely to have short shrift.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE PANIC, AND SOME LESSONS WHICH IT MAY TEACH US.

BY LOUIS WINDMÜLLER.

A SERIES of disasters culminated last year in a crisis more severe than the country has ever before experienced. During the summer the tension became so great that men who had to weather the financial storm almost sank under the weight of business cares to their graves. A number of speculative fortunes vanished like smoke in the air, solid wealth seemed to crumble into dust. The source of our troubles was an unfortunate hallucination, that it was the duty of our government artificially to sustain the value of silver. When it became evident that further additions to our large and useless stock of the white metal would impoverish our resources, and finally lead to a destruction of our national credit, confidence was shaken in the stability of the circulating medium, and general mistrust followed. Our financial institutions fortunately were managed with great skill and proper caution; they concentrated their forces for the purpose of sustaining each other and helping deserving customers. This policy saved us from the complete wreck of our financial credit, but it precipitated the failure of a number of corporations whose liabilities were extended to such a degree that it became impossible for them to borrow another dollar. Their capitalization was so large that their earnings, when reduced by hard times, ceased to cover fixed charges. Some had been improvidently, even recklessly, managed, and a few were plundered by dishonest practices of trusted officials.

Already in January the stock of gold in the Treasury began to diminish and the export to assume large proportions, caused by misgivings of our European creditors. In order to strengthen the government reserve our banks deposited six millions of gold in the Treasury during February. Pressure was brought to bear on Secretary Foster to issue bonds, but President Harrison was disinclined to increase the bonded debt before the close of his administration.

Then the Reading Railroad Company became insolvent. The managers had issued, as late as January 9, 1893, an official statement that earnings had exceeded fixed charges by over three million dollars in the previous year, and had applied that amount to the payment of interest on the income bonds February 1st. On the 20th of that month the company defaulted for the paltry sum of $2750, and went into receiver's hands. It appears that the vaunted lease of the Lehigh Valley road had resulted in enormous loss, like other speculations into which the president of the company had entered. He had purchased, in his name, a large number of shares in other companies, and it is charged that when the ventures threatened to turn out disastrously, he obtained consent of his ignorant co-directors to transfer the speculative accounts to the Reading Railroad. Certain bonds, property of the Reading road, had been transferred to brokers who carried these stocks before the directors became aware of it.

Mistrust became general, and lenders of money began to discriminate against doubtful securities, especially shares of industrial companies. Early in March the bank reserves declined to five million dollars, and money was loaned as high as ⅛ per cent. per diem. When, after his inauguration, President Cleveland failed to convene Congress in extra session, a gloom of disappointment spread over the minds of our financial community. In April, defaults in Australia induced some European holders of our securities to dispose of them, which necessitated further exports of gold. The attention of the public was forcibly called to a decrease of the Treasury reserve by a decision of Secretary Carlisle to furnish no more gold certificates. He further issued an ambiguous statement, interpreted to mean that Treasury notes would no longer be redeemed in gold. At this bankers became alarmed, and secured as much as they could for shipment. The excitement from this cause subsided when Mr. Carlisle explained that his statement had been misunderstood.

During the early days of May the troubles of the Cordage Company began; the directors could no longer borrow money to meet maturing obligations, and discovered that they had not sufficient capital to carry on their business. They foolishly attempted to raise it then by a sale of preference shares, and were obliged to fail. Holders of stock in all industrials became thoroughly frightened; the anxiety to sell culminated in a stampede on May 5th, since called the Industrial Black Friday. Transactions were enormous; fluctuations of 24 points occurred on that memorable day, between 62 and 86, in Sugar stock, and in General Electric the differences amounted to 26 points. Mr. S. V. White, the most important and probably the most daring operator, had to succumb. But two years had elapsed since his previous failure; he subsequently had paid every dollar of his indebtedness, and might have weathered this storm if many customers had not left him in the lurch.

In June the demand for money increased, and the rate for interest reached 75 per cent. per annum on the 29th. Bankers throughout the country endeavored to fortify themselves by borrowing all the money they could command, often more than they required. Masses of ignorant people, following the example of country bankers, withdrew their savings from financial institutions, and a scramble for currency ensued. When the mania for hoarding became general, the banks could no longer provide for the wants of their customers. Manufacturers and retailers had to buy currency needed for the payment of weekly wages; importers, the gold needed for duties. Dealing in money became a profitable business, until the premium rose to 4 per cent. Strange expedients were resorted to to overcome the embarrassment. I happened to be with some "financiers" in a Western city where banks had been drained, when it was gravely proposed to engage pseudo-burglars to frighten people into re-depositing their hoards from old stockings into the bankers' vaults.

The pressure was finally relieved by three important measures:

1. June 29th our banks decided to assist each other by Clearing-house loan certificates issued against deposits of good assets for 75 per cent. of their value.
2. President Cleveland called Congress together for August 7th, to repeal the Sherman law.
3. Savings-banks demanded 60 days' notice on withdrawal of deposits.

When India suspended the free coinage of silver it declined to 62 cents per ounce in this country, mines were closed, and with blustering braggadocio Governor Waite of Colorado, threatening bloodshed, demanded protection for the favorite product of his State. Many failures occurred among Western banks. On July 25th the Erie road, which never had fully recovered from the old-time depredations of James Fisk and Jay Gould, and which when reorganized had been left without sufficient resources, was obliged to suspend. It became more difficult to borrow than ever; banks refusing to lend on stock collateral, borrowers were restricted to capital floating on Wall Street, only obtainable from one day to another. During the hot summer months brokers, instead of taking the usual vacation, had to visit their offices daily to renew loans and examine accounts of customers. Stocks declined to the lowest prices of the year. Messengers with calls for margins were despatched by brokers often several times a day to the same client; the second call was sometimes received before the first could be complied with. A trust company had lent an important amount on unmarketable bonds to a large operator; when the president wrote a polite request for additional security, on penalty of selling him out, the operator pencilled this laconic reply under the letter, "Please do; I can't," and returned it to the writer.

Nearly forty millions of Clearing-house certificates had been issued by our banks August 12th, when the latter were some sixteen million dollars below the legal reserve. The officers strained all their resources to satisfy the most valued customers, and spent hours daily explaining to other applicants their inability to relieve them. But the craze for hoarding had subsided, and the premium on money disappeared.

On August 15th the Northern Pacific road failed, after an attempt to fund the floating debt had been abandoned as hopeless. The Oregon and Transcontinental Company had been created chiefly for the acquisition of railroad property, which was transferred to the Northern Pacific. Under this arrangement the Chicago and Northern Pacific Company was organized, controlling terminal facilities in the Western metropolis. It is charged that the directors procured these terminals for less than was paid for them by the Northern Pacific company. Their friends claim that this accusation, with others of a similar nature, has been inspired by personal animosity. The ultimate ruin of the Northern Pacific was probably foreordained when the Great Northern road was built at so low a cost that it could successfully compete with its older rival; but there are indications that the Northern Pacific became impoverished by transactions such as are now under judicial investigation. As these do not appear to have enriched stockholders in the Oregon and Transcontinental, who conducted the negotiations, nor its successor, the North American Company, the evident disappearance of many million dollars remains a mystery which may never be fully explained.

After a lapse of more than two months, our banks, in the middle of September, increased their reserves to the legal requirements. Business was restricted throughout October by the delay of the United States Senate in acting on the silver question. Confidence was strengthened at last when the Sherman act was finally repealed, October 30th, and all remaining Clearing-house certificates were cancelled on November 1st.

Meanwhile the Union Pacific road had also been placed in receiver's hands; its resources had first been drained by the Crédit Mobilier (a prototype of the Oregon and Transcontinental Company), then weakened through a consolidation with the Kansas Pacific road, and finally exhausted by a collapse of the mining interests.

During the last two months of the year money became superabundant, until it declined to 1½ per cent. per annum. There was no demand for either speculation or investment; legitimate business halted, and has not since revived.

The last sensational failure was that of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe system on December 23d. It had been extended by sanguine managers beyond prudent limits, until it embraced nearly ten thousand miles of road, passing in part through wildernesses so sparsely inhabited that some branches did not pay operating expenses.

According to Poor's Manual, the following table represents the capitalization of railroads which defaulted in 1893:

	Mileage, including leased line.	Funded debt.	Stock.
Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad	9,344	$223,332,000	$102,000,000
New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad	1,968	$77,643,885	85,963,600
Northern Pacific Railroad	5,262	128,732,500	85,564.250
Philadelphia and Reading	2,223	167,817,577	39,830,361
Union Pacific Railroad (mileage of main line)	1,822	85,492,185	60,868,500
Total	20,619	$683,018,147	$374,226,711
Sixty-eight other companies	11,797	310,616,853	285,322,289
Total	32,416	$993,635,000	$659,549,000

The floating debt of these seventy-three roads does not fall short of two hundred million dollars; when we add to this the companies which had been already in default, and the few failed since, about one-quarter of the immense capital invested in railroads has become unavailable. The longer it remains so the greater will be the suffering of the holders of the securities. Years elapsed after the panics of 1857 and 1873 before confidence in our investments was restored; we may look for a similar period of stagnation now. An examination of the causes leading to this state of affairs suggests to an impartial observer the necessity of adopting measures of reform which may hereafter alleviate the evil.

The capitalization of our roads seldom represents their actual cost. To allure capital to the establishment of a new line, terms are offered which preclude the possibility of success except in rare cases. When a number of men organize to build a road they usually sell bonds at about 80, throw in debenture bonds and stock, and then construct the railway in a slipshod manner, often for less than they realize for the bonds. There are founders with an honest purpose who await a development of the property and the prosperity of the country opened by their road; but a majority sell bonds and stocks as soon as they find a market, not seldom making inaccurate statements about the condition of the property. I remember a reputable banking-house who placed in Frankfort bonds on a line before the road was completely surveyed; it failed disastrously.

A pernicious system also is in vogue, viz., borrowing money at usurious rates of interest, as long as bankers or wealthy directors can be found willing to assume the risk, in order to bridge over what is supposed to be a temporary embarrassment, which often results in receivership, accelerated by the sacrifices thus made.

There is too often a lack of proper administration; directors in many corporations know little of the business they agree to direct, and have neither time nor disposition to learn it. About ten years ago the president of an uptown bank, the son of a wealthy man, stole the entire deposits of that institution, some four million dollars, lost the money by speculation, and left for Canada before any member of the board suspected an irregularity. A downtown bank lost half a million dollars in greenbacks, and it took the directors five years to discover that anything was missing. In Germany and France, directors who have some *bona fide* interest are chosen because they are competent and trustworthy. They receive, besides a small salary, certain percentages of the net profits of the company, which they have every reason to serve faithfully. A similar course has been adopted by one of our industrial companies; each member of the Executive Committee receives an annual salary of $25,000, and devotes his time and attention to a business which is well conducted. Our corporations would be better administered if they were to follow these examples more generally.

Banks are supposed to be under the supervision of national or State authorities. If irregularities such as I quoted are not uncommon among these institutions, what may we expect from railroads, which practically are without restraint? Their directors generally rely on a president to whom they owe their election, and who controls the proxies of stockholders; if one of them should have an opinion of his own, and the courage to express it, he soon would be dropped from the board. A numerous body of employés depend on the president for their appointment and retention. From among their number he chooses as "managers" men who have little interest in the road other than the salaries they earn; they exert, nevertheless, great influence by establishing rates and preparing reports, which, although they are seldom controlled and often garbled, form a basis for the financial direction. The president himself often pays more attention to fluctuations of the stock than the earnings of his road; as long as these cover fixed charges he is not disturbed; even a default need not trouble him, for he is apt to be appointed receiver, a capacity in which he earns more money and has greater power.

Stockholders should look after their interests by choosing better men as directors, and by holding them accountable after they are chosen. They should attend meetings in person or through their actual representatives, and not through individuals who either have sinister motives when they solicit proxies, or represent managers who want to continue in power. Leases and purchases of importance ought to be submitted to stockholders' votes; they should be called together at regular stated intervals, not less than once every year, where it is convenient for a majority to attend, and where they should elect an independent board of audit to examine the accounts presented to them.

Depression has diminished the aggregate amount of business; parallel lines compete for what little is left until it is done at a loss. A combination of roads to sustain rates, called "pooling," is contrary to the inter-State commerce law, an act which in its present form is as hostile to the interest of forwarding companies as the laws of our several States generally are. They usually favor the shipper more than those who furnish facilities to ship.* When owners of a branch line recently tore up its rails after it had ceased to pay, farmers along the line were indignant because their Western judge refused a mandamus compelling the company to run. If this example were more generally followed (which in some cases might be preferable to sinking new capital in hopeless reconstruction), what would be the consequence? Laws should be amended so as to deal more justly with roads; and the prosperity of the country depends in a large measure on their prosperity. Legislators should remember that the locomotive has opened the West and converted barren wildernesses into fertile fields. Assessors should consider what the taxable value of their districts would be without roads, and tax them accordingly.

A merchant who fails in business makes the best compromise he can with his creditors. It is often effected even though a small number may refuse to settle. These generally are rewarded for their courage, and enforce better terms. When railroads fail the composition with creditors is called reorganization. An explanation of what is meant by this term may explain the helplessness of single creditors who are not in a position to buy the road. A majority of interested parties select for their representative a banker who has the reputation of a skilful organizer. He examines the earning capacity of the system, the claims of the various issues of mortgages to priority, and last, but not least, the ability and willingness of stockholders to pay assessments. Thereupon he fixes the assessments and percentage of reductions of principal and interest on each kind of bonds. As soon as a majority agrees to this decision it is useless for a minority to object; their holdings would be confiscated. When stockholders find the value of their shares (after "Irish dividends" are added) growing less than they were, and when scaled coupons of reduced bonds are not paid at maturity, the eminent banker is criticised instead of being praised. But he has completed his labors, drawn his commission, and looks for a period of prosperity which may justify his action, for a time at least, until another crisis takes place, and the same property passes through a similar experience once more. A suit recently brought by shareholders in the Hocking Valley road may suggest a partial remedy. Stockholders of that road brought a suit against their directors, of whom it was claimed that they misapplied eight million dollars raised by the sale of an equal amount of bonds. The judges, on appeal, intimated that suit should be brought by the trustee of the mortgage under which the bonds were issued. If the Central Trust Company, which acted in that capacity, instead of merely registering the bonds, had agreed to take charge of the interests of the investors as well as of the borrowers, there could be no doubt of the issue of that litigation.

Values can be ascertained with some degree of accuracy of almost every kind of real and personal property, except of securities dealt in at the Stock Exchange. Here purchasers rely on current quotations, which are influenced by the ever-changing course of speculation, an element which by its nature must be delusive. Pains taken by members of the Exchange to guard customers against injudicious investments are of a perfunctory nature. Their committee

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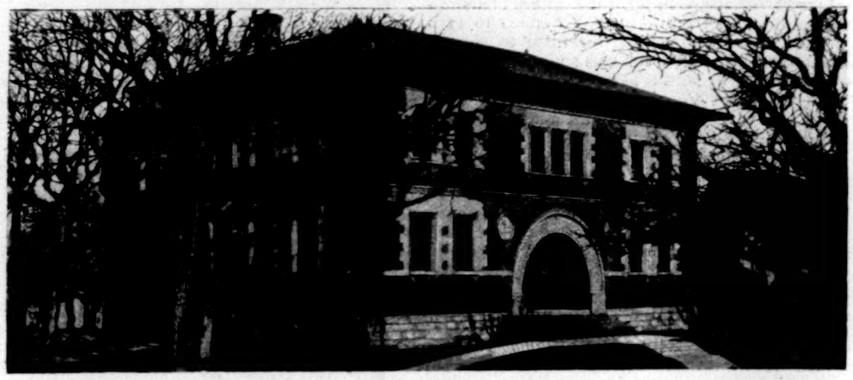
* One explanation of the non-existence of seven million dollars in the treasury of the Atchison road is that a large portion of this sum had been charged to expense account to conceal the payments to shippers of rebates made contrary to law.

OPERATING-ROOM, COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY.

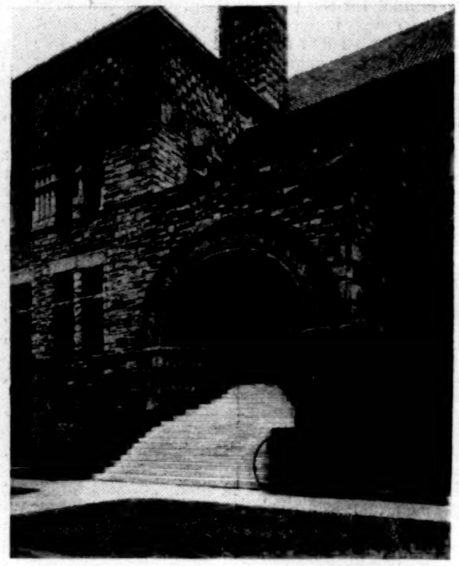
THE CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL LABORATORY. THE HISTOLOGICAL LABORATORY.



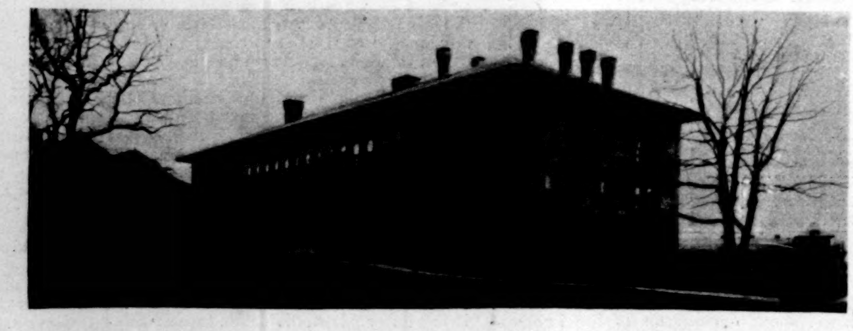
THE LAW BUILDING.

ENTRANCE TO MEDICAL BUILDING.

CYRUS NORTHROP,
President of State University, Minnesota.

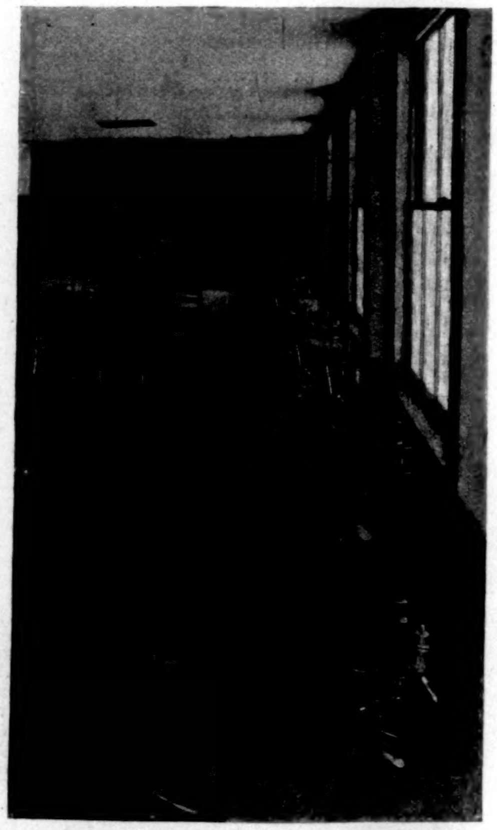


ENTRANCE TO PILLSBURY HALL.



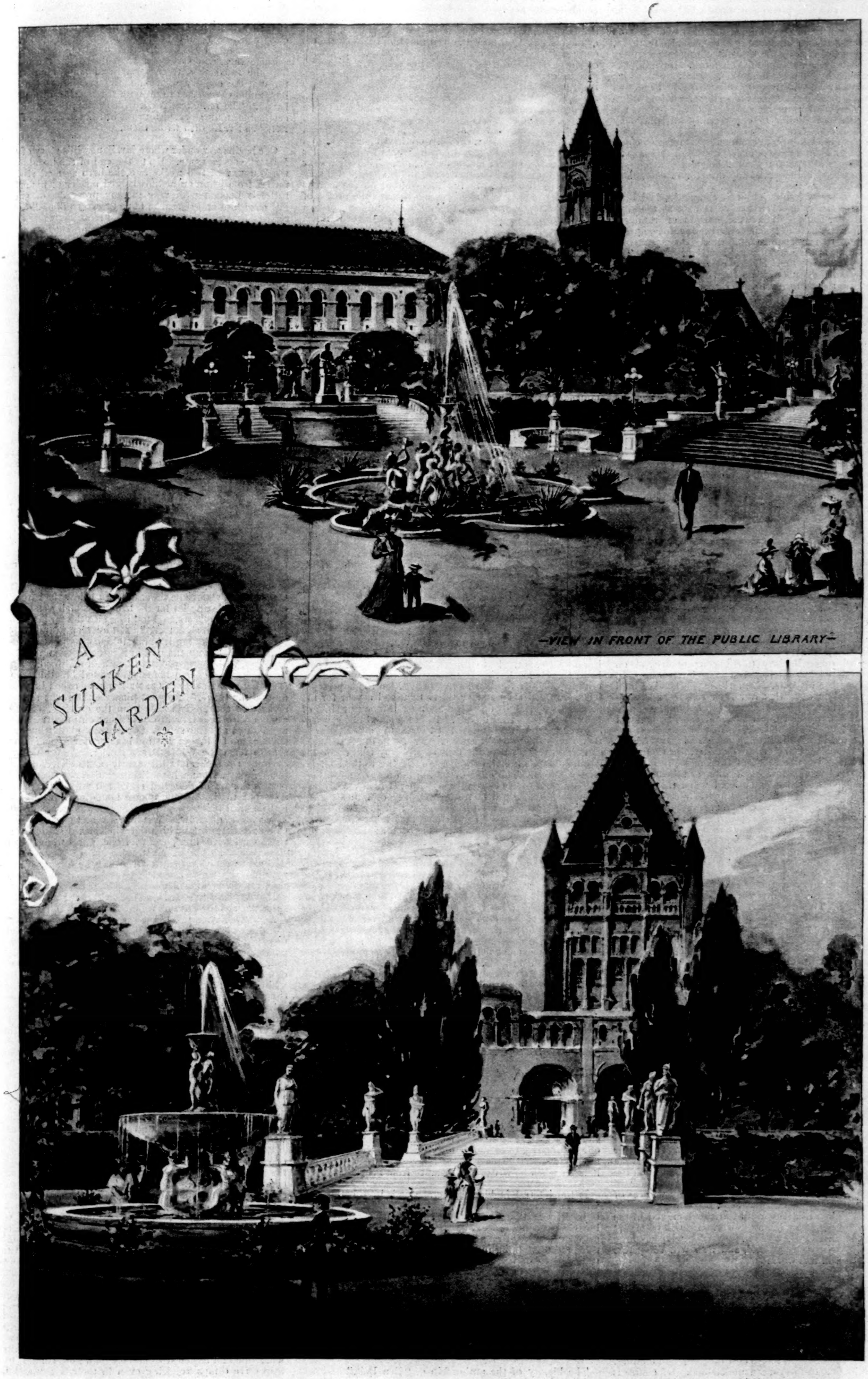
CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL LABORATORY—FRONT VIEW.

A LECTURE-ROOM—SCHOOL OF MINING AND METALLURGY.



A ROOM IN THE HISTOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

THE MINNESOTA STATE UNIVERSITY.—[See Page 798.]


A SUNKEN GARDEN
—VIEW IN FRONT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY—

THE PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS IN COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 798.]

examines statements made by persons who desire to have securities listed and file subsequent reports, but they take no steps to ascertain the value of the property thus represented. Nor have any private corporations the facility of making investigations. Merchants are willing enough to make, through agencies, statements of their affairs, because they form a basis for their commercial standing. But railroads are not moved by such consideration. The reports which they voluntarily furnish are difficult to comprehend, and oftener made to influence speculation than to impart information. Many abuses to which I refer could be removed if a law were passed similar to one recently introduced by Isidor Straus, M.C. from New York.

The scope of the Inter-State Commerce Commission could be extended to make any examinations which this law requires; a government attorney could be employed to assist in criminal proceedings against any director or officer suspected of a breach of trust.

After a number of industrial stock companies had been formed in Germany, some twenty years ago, at the time called "Gründer Periode," it was discovered that prominent bankers had been guilty of placing a fictitious value on property taken on their recommendation. As a consequence, those companies failed and shareholders lost heavily. The Prussian government took charge of the prosecution of those bankers, and every one had to serve his term in prison. A similar case recurs to my memory, when three bank directors were thus punished in Paris for merely signing one false report. We treat plunderers of our roads and industrials with more consideration. Unable to punish them because our present laws are insufficient or faulty in application, we allow such licensed pirates to enjoy the fruit of their ill-gotten wealth.

The recent large shipments of gold, made while exports of merchandise exceeded imports, demonstrate the necessity for a reform of our currency system. The export of treasure is largely due to the present period of stagnation, and rates of interest are depressed so that money can be used to better advantage in Europe. If our currency had all been issued by banks it would be contracted now; but it largely consists of various kinds of government notes; they are all redeemable, but their redemption is not called for, since there is no longer any doubt of their interchangeable value. Some of this redundant circulation should be funded, and replaced by an elastic currency which can be issued on short notice whenever the necessity of trade requires. The extreme scarcity of money in the panic last year would have been avoided if currency could have been thus obtained.

The controllership of our national banks has been well managed since it was established. Conservative men of business would be satisfied that it could administer equally well to the new system of banking which must soon be created. Our national bank-notes have ceased to be elastic ever since United States bonds are no longer available in sufficient amounts. The bonds of our inter-State corporations would, under careful restrictions, form a suitable substitute if a law provided for their examination by the national government. Only those should be chosen which are marketable here and in Europe at over par. These should constitute first liens over all other liability (floating or otherwise) on property worth twice as much, and on which interest has been paid for a number of years. Doubtless such bonds would be convertible into cash whenever their sale should be required to redeem the notes they represent, and such notes would be of a uniform value the world over, as national bank-notes practically are now. As a further safeguard the controller should be required to consult an advisory board, consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Committee, and President of the New York Clearing-house Association, as to what bonds are admissible, and to what extent, and when they should be excluded. The privilege of having their securities so used would reconcile corporations who issued them with the idea of placing themselves under government supervision.

Aside from this consideration, more recent events point to the necessity of a closer union between the Federal authorities and the inter-State railways. While Western Governors vacillated, and some of them went so far as to show by word and deed that they sympathized with rioters, it remained for the Executive officer of the government to subdue a strike which threatened to degenerate into a state of anarchy and open rebellion. This incident, with other circumstances attending it, the greatest uprising of labor ever attempted, demonstrates in a forcible manner how much the welfare of the country is coupled with inter-State commerce, and how necessary it has become to protect the uninterrupted intercourse between States.

In this paper I have refrained from reference to rumormongers, although they played an important part in the panic, because I simply desire by this essay to provoke discussions which will lead to a more honest and efficient management of our corporations, to a closer alliance between them and the proper authority, and finally to a safe and more elastic medium of exchange.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. Julian Ralph is now on his way to the Orient, for Harper's Weekly and Harper's Magazine, to make studies of the topsy-turvy conditions that obtain upon the world's further side. Upon his arrival in Japan he will quickly forward accounts of whatever he may witness of the war between that country and China, of the gathering of the naval representatives of all Christendom, and of the peculiar scenes attendant upon the war. He will be met at Yokohama by Mr. C. D. Weldon, the artist, who has long been familiar with Oriental life, and who will co-operate with Mr. Ralph in this work.

Americans have long regarded as one of the most curious of the practices that differentiate the British from their English-speaking kinsman the custom of having novels served up in three volumes. Why the better class of novel-readers of an intelligent nation should care to pay the price of three covers for one usually ephemeral book, as also why books usually of transient interest and unascertained value should be first published at such cost for paper and binding, has never in this country been understood. Of course it has been explained that the British system of circulating libraries was at the bottom of it, and that Smiths and Mudies liked novels in the three-volume form, and were willing to buy such quantities of them as to interest the publishers in that form of publication. But that explanation has never wholly explained. The more costly a novel can be made, the more inducement there is to hire it, instead of buying it. That is clear. But that publishers should go on year after year making expensive books for the gratification of news companies has always seemed a marvel in this country, and begins at last to seem a marvel in England, too. Purely on philanthropic grounds Americans must be gratified to learn that the Britisher at last has a prospect of getting his fiction in as cheap and compact a form as we get ours. The circulating libraries demanded their three-volume novels at a lower price, and assurance, besides, that no cheaper edition would be issued within a year. The publishers, most of them, were willing to accede to these terms, but the authors would not. They struck for bigger editions and a cheaper form, and it appears that they are to have their way. So the three-volume novel promises soon to become a misty memory, and perhaps the profits of British authors will become a more substantial fact. It is a great reform, but, considering the obvious merits of it, it has been a surprisingly long time on the way.

A curious instance of home-coming after many years is the return of the iron chain that was stretched across the Hudson in Revolutionary days to Ringwood, New Jersey, where it was made. Ringwood is now the country-seat of Hon. Abram S. Hewitt. Some time ago, when the chain was sold to a junk-dealer for old iron, Mr. Hewitt heard of it, bought as much of it as was left (about two hundred feet), and intends to use it as a low fence around a grass-plot on his lawn. Not only this chain came originally from the old Continental foundry, but also on the land that forms part of Mr. Hewitt's place were cast most of the cannon-balls used by the Americans in the Revolution.

Another relic that has found a home here is a twelve-pound carronade from the upper deck of the old frigate *Constitution*. When "Old Ironsides" was turned into a receiving-ship her guns were removed and sold for old iron, and all but two were melted. Of these two Mr. Hewitt got one, and the other is owned in Philadelphia.

Uncle Sam seems not to care much for his historical relics, but that is owing not so much to a personal indifference on his part as to the absence of decent sentiment upon the part of some of his hired men.

If only more of the venerable and priceless properties that slip through his fingers fell into such American hands as Mr. Hewitt's, his loss were the less to be deplored.

It is to be hoped that Mr. James R. Roosevelt is a philosopher, and will take kindly to Judge Barrett's effort to save the two Roosevelt infants from an unwholesome experience of the embarrassment of riches. There is a good deal of good spending in one hundred thousand dollars even when it is spread over seven years, and that is about the sum by which the Roosevelt children's allowance, as determined by the referee, was cut down by the learned judge. It is not likely that the two infants will suffer even on so limited an income as fifteen thousand dollars a year. They are at a time of life when a few thousands a year more or less do not count. But with Mr. Roosevelt himself the case is different. He has come to years of full pecuniary discrimination, and whether he has, in addition to his personal income, fifteen thousand or thirty thousand a year for the support of his family doubtless makes a difference to him of fully fifteen thousand dollars. His case should be a warning to all rich fathers-in-law not to take too much pains to tie up their daughters' fortunes. Mr. Astor did it only too successfully, with a result that is probably irksome to his grandchildren's father, as well as mortifying to the contemporary Astors. The evils of taking too many precautions against the rapacity of sons-in-law are not illustrated often enough to warrant any striking instance of it to be overlooked. If Mr. Roosevelt has grace enough to accept Judge Barrett's ruling with the urbanity that his counsel have shown, he will win the admiration as well as the sympathy of a large and attentive body of spectators.

New-Yorkers who would like to see their city a university centre, like Paris or Berlin, are invited to co-operate with the standing committee on aid for students lately constituted by the University Council of Columbia College. The committee is made up of six professors, representing the faculties of seven departments of the university. Their design is to put poor students in the way of raising money by tutoring, translating, teaching in evening schools, and such other means as may be opened to them when the fact of their wish to obtain employment becomes generally known. The students whom it is the committee's especial wish to look after are such as come to New York from a distance. Two things attract poor young men to colleges—low cost of living and opportunities for employment. In the first of these particulars the country colleges have the advantage, but in the latter a university in a great city should have more to offer. The committee on aid will be glad to receive suggestions or other help in its work.

A Chicago correspondent makes a feeling complaint anent a recent allusion in a paragraph in this corner of the Weekly, which located the historic domicile of Warrington and Pendennis in "Pump Court." He protests against having those worthies moved away from "Lamb Court," where, he says, they belong, and begs that they be put back, and their evictor estopped "from further interference with our landmarks, even minor ones"; which only shows how treacherous the memory is, and how a paragrapher may blunder when he writes at a distance from his books.

Is the interest in bicycles a craze, or is it an enthusiasm with a sufficiently substantial basis to warrant the expectation of its continued growth? There is no doubt that the bicycle has come to stay, but if its popularity continues to grow at its present rate there is a prospect that it will drive the habit of walking into a state of desuetude. The recent transmission of messages from Washington to Denver by relays of bicyclists was an astonishing feat. The distance was two thousand and thirty-seven miles, the time six days, ten hours, and forty minutes, which means an average speed of over three hundred miles a day. For mere human legs that is pretty fast going, and helps to accustom one to the annihilation of distance, so that when flying machines are perfected—and they say that is imminent—we shall not be overmuch surprised.

The history of the authorship of "Ben Bolt," as lately published in the Weekly, has been widely copied, and has found many interested readers. One of these was Professor Dominic May, of Baltimore, to whom the song was originally sent by Dr. English to have a tune fitted to it. Professor May composed an air, but it never caught the popular ear. He confirms the story published in the Weekly that "Ben Bolt" owed its popularity to Nelson F. Kneass, a singing comedian, who, having need of a new song in his business, got a copy of "Ben Bolt," written out from memory by an acquaintance, and varying a good deal from the original. This he fitted to a German air, and sung far and wide through the country with immense success, which shows how much chance has to do with the making of a popular ballad. The *Baltimore News*, which prints Professor May's comments on the story, also prints in full the words of "Ben Bolt" as Dr. English wrote them.

One begins to wonder where Mr. Zangwill's story of "The Master" gets its name. Up to the end of the instalment in the Weekly of two weeks ago the hero seemed still very far off from being an acknowledged master of his art, and had left London with very gloomy prospects of success. His hardships and set-backs have drawn so liberally on the readers' sympathies that it seems no more than fair that he should presently come upon a streak of better luck and come into his kingdom. But Mr. Zangwill did not win success himself without a long experience of discouragement and sore travail. He is quoted as saying, "To know how the poor live one must have lived one's earlier life, as I did, in poverty." He was born in London, but grew up in Plymouth and Bristol, finding education where he could, until his attainments qualified him for a place as board-school teacher in East London. Study done in spare hours got him a degree in London University, and from that vantage-point he went on to win his way uphill into literature, as, doubtless, we shall presently see his young hero win his way into art.

E. S. Martin.

MAZAMAS ON MOUNT HOOD.

When, on the 19th of March last, a few enthusiastic persons met, pursuant to published call, for the purpose of forming an organization of mountain-climbers, not the most sanguine of them hoped for so great a success as crowned their efforts on the 19th of July, when they met on the summit of Mount Hood and adopted a constitution. For a week prior thereto the road from Portland to the south side of Mount Hood, fifty-five miles distant, was lined with pedestrians, wheelmen, and wagons, the latter laden with camp supplies for a ten days' outing.

On Wednesday, as prearranged, every one of the party moved to Camp Mazama, at extreme timber-line, in order that the ascent in the morning might begin at once on the mountain, and as much progress as possible be made before the snow got soft. From this camp, gay with color and joyous with merriment and song, at 3 P.M. of Wednesday, a party of three, with pack animal and attendant, left for Crater Rock, about one thousand feet below the summit, to carry forward supplies for the banquet which was to follow the election of officers, and to bring also the tar and red-fire for the afternoon signal smoke and evening illumination on the summit. Finding it impossible to get the heavily laden beast over half-way, the party proceeded alone up the steeper slopes, with heavy packs of blankets and food. After a toilsome climb of two hours they rested breathless on the sheltered eastern side of Crater Rock, so called because all around the base of this great pinnacle the rocks are warm, and steam constantly issues from the crevices. Eastward a wide snow field falls in magnificent outlines from a summit almost as steep as a waterfall, then gliding away in a succession of plunges, it stretches far down the mountain-side to form the White River glacier. Across this white expanse rises Steels Cliff nearly a thousand feet perpendicularly, from whose disintegrating walls at short intervals masses of detached rocks fell with rattle, rumble, and roar to the bottom, thence bounding down the snow incline until they came to rest in some crevasse or on the lower levels of snow. Westward rose the dark spire of Crater Rock, around which the wind hissed spitefully; and northward, the white dome of Hood, upon which the near stars seemed to hang. Amid these surroundings the camp was made, the warm earth for a bed, the immovable rocks for pillows. Far below gleamed a dozen camp-fires where three hundred climbers bivouacked under the stunted spruce, while far to southward a ribbon of cloud appeared and spread across the Cascade range.

At 2 A.M., when the lower camp was roused, a thunderstorm was raging in the valley below. At three o'clock the storm-cloud had spread west and north around the mountain, and the lightning flashed over the summit. At four o'clock the watchers on the mountain saw in the early dawn a small army of dark moving objects dotting the white snow fields. At five o'clock the wind, which had come in intermittent gusts all night, blew fierce and cold, and the whole sky was overcast with swiftly shifting clouds, except a rift through which the sun shone briefly, casting the gigantic shadow of Mount Hood, and momentarily transfiguring the snow-peaks of Jefferson and Three Sisters. At six o'clock, by which time many had reached Crater Rock, a storm of snow and hail set in, the wind grew to a fierce gale, Mount Hood's summit was enveloped by dense clouds that whirled around it in a wild freedom of motion that fascinated the observer, and to those at Crater Rock the expedition seemed confronted with failure. But about seven o'clock, after a brief but violent outburst, the storm ceased instantly, and in a few minutes the sun shone and burned with an intensity known only to mountain altitudes.

While many were turned back by the storm, yet about one hundred and eighty, spurred on by experienced men at the rear, toiled on and reached the summit, of whom thirty-eight were women. From Cloud Cap Inn, on the north side, came a party of twenty-two up the almost perpendicular wall of snow.

Notwithstanding the bright sunshine, a piercing wind blew on the summit, and many of the Mazamas descended as soon as they had signed the constitution, the banquet and other proceedings having been adjourned to Crater Rock. However, a meeting was held, the constitution was read and adopted, signed by nearly one hundred charter members, and the following officers elected: W. G. Steel, president; H. D. Langille, Rev. E. M. Wilbur, P. L. Campbell, and A. J. Johnson, vice-presidents; C. H. Sholes, secretary; F. C. Little, treasurer; Miss Fay E. Fuller, historian; L. L. Hawkins, Mrs. Ida V. McIlvain, and E. C. Stuart, executive committee. Three carrier-pigeons were then despatched to Portland with brief reports of the proceedings, whereupon all hastened from the wind-swept summit to the respective camps, rejoicing even in their weary and half-frozen condition in the splendid success that had attended the organization of one of the boldest conceptions in the history of mountain-work.

C. H. Sholes.

THE FRESH-AIR CHARITIES OF NEW YORK.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

WE are apt to think of the very poor as suffering most in cold weather, from lack of proper clothing and insufficient fuel. And our thought, no doubt, is generally correct. But in great cities, particularly in New York, with its horrible tenement-house system, the very poor seldom shiver and freeze in decayed garrets. They are more likely to be harmed in summer by want of room, by excessive heat, by vitiated air. The poorest poor, those who, from any cause, are wholly destitute, and can get no work, as was the case all over the country last winter, and is, to a less extent, still the case, find their worst enemy in cold. But ordinary laborers who have employment, who can earn from $1 50 to $2 a day, usually have little trouble in keeping warm during winter, however much trouble they may have in big, crowded towns in keeping cool from the first of June to the last of September and in getting a breath of fresh air.

This is specially true of the more than half a million occupants of the packed, noxious, miserable tenements of the metropolis. This is painfully evident also to any and all having any occasion to visit those wretched quarters that are a standing disgrace to our civilization. What depressing scenes do those quarters disclose! The roofs, the windows, the doorways, the sidewalks, are crowded on a hot night with men, women, children, even infants, actually gasping for air; and such air as surrounds the tenements! It would poison those unaccustomed to it; it poisons the multitudes who vegetate there; but unnatural conditions, long continued, have so inured them to the poison that they inhale it constantly, yet do not die. It infiltrates their blood; undermines their ambition, their enterprise, their very hope; gradually dehumanizes them until, in the end, they are not man nor are they beast.

Pitiable, repellent, desperate plight! They are so wonted to it, so abased by it, that many of them would not change it if they could. Philanthropy has found it hard to draw them, even for a while, from their baneful environment; but by dint of perseverance it has succeeded. Hundreds and thousands of them have been introduced to fresh air, and it has proved in every way a blessing to them. Intelligent benevolence long ago discovered that the very poor must first be aided by material means. It is worse than vain to preach to them when they are hungry, cold, or ill. They must be fed, made warm and well, before any impression can be made on their minds or hearts. Reformation must begin with the body. What hope can there be of improving or elevating any man when his physical needs are unsupplied? Fresh air and cleanliness are more conducive to virtue than all the systems of ethics that have ever been composed.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR—WEST END—THE SWINGS.

Our tenement-house population deteriorates more from absence of fresh air, especially in hot weather, than from any other single cause. Hence summer outings benefit it immeasurably, and the benefit has come to be widely recognized in New York and in every over-crowded city. And, strange to say, so slowly do the soundest, most wholesome ideas dawn, it is only seventeen years since the first excursion for poor children was made from the metropolis to the country. One might suppose that as soon as the laboring classes began to get packed into tenements, like sardines in a box, the thought would have occurred to somebody to give them an occasional introduction to Nature for their very sustenance and sanity. But they huddled together there, sweltered, suffocated, and slowly perished from miasma by the hundreds year after year, from generation to generation, and no one seemed to see or care why. The very poor often appear as alien, though in the same city, to the well-to-do as if they inhabited another planet. But this is only in appearance.

THE FRESH-AIR FUND.

Finally Willard Parsons, the clergyman of a little church at the village of Sherman, Pennsylvania, inspired by genius of the heart, came to the metropolis in the summer of 1877, and selected from its slums ten of its forlornest children and took them to his rural home. His parishioners, to whom he had communicated his intent, warmly welcomed them to their houses, and gave them gratis of the best they had. At the end of a fortnight they returned to town, refreshed and delighted with their new experience. Other children of a like grade went to the same place and the same persons, and received the same generous treatment. The experiment succeeded beyond all anticipations, and has produced excellent and abundant fruit throughout the country and in Europe.

In New York city alone more than two hundred agencies are now engaged in preparing summer outings for the neediest women and children. The agencies include charitable associations, churches, large firms, and benevolent individuals, all of them having seen what great good has resulted to the beneficiaries. Not all of the agencies are wholly charities. Some of them make a small charge for board, so as to preserve in the boarders a feeling of independence essential to complete self-respect.

The primary object of Mr. Parsons was the physical improvement of the poor, whose health and vigor are necessarily impaired in the tenements to which they are condemned by their unyielding circumstances. Months of solicitous thought and planning preceded the organization, in a modest way, of the Fresh Air Fund, now so soundly established and so prolific of generous rivalries. In organizing it three things were paramount—raising the money, securing the temporary homes, selecting the children; and each one was attended with difficulty. But the difficulty was duly removed by the energy and enthusiasm of Mr. Parsons and his associates. After the first season, during which about sixty city children were forwarded to the country, the New York *Evening Post* was persuaded to father the philanthropic scheme, and continued it for four years, enlarging its scope and increasing its contributions. The Fund then passed into the hands of the *Tribune*, with which it has since become entirely identified.

There has been very little trouble in getting money, which has come from numberless sources, from little children's industry and self-denial all the way to the subscriptions of millionaires. The practicality and great value of the charity have been made so manifest by continual advertising, and the dissemination of the striking fact that three dollars will give a child a fortnight in the country, that the treasury has been steadily supplied. The Fund has been excellently managed, and with signal economy. No collectors have been employed, no salaries or office expenses have been paid out of it, and many of the helpers have volunteered, and still volunteer, their services. The transportation companies have made liberal reductions on their regular fares, and the disposition to aid the enterprise has been from the start as general as commendable.

It would seem very hard, if not impossible, to find persons willing to receive the children year after year. The originator of the charity has explained in a published article how he accomplishes this. He says that he has depended almost entirely on personal appeals. He has been surprised at the willingness of country folk to accept the little charges. He usually began, some years ago, a systematic visitation from town to town, early in April, calling on the editor of the local newspaper, on the local ministers, and some of the prominent citizens, describing the condition and requirements of the tenement children, and the great benefit derived from two weeks' stay in a wholesome habitation and in a pure atmosphere. A local committee is appointed, learns the number that can be accommodated and when, and arranges all the details of the coming with the manager. Since the great growth of the charity the originator has been obliged to intrust the visitation to persons whom he knows intimately, and who are perfectly familiar with his methods. City missionaries, clergymen, and physicians who have been reared in or are closely acquainted with interior towns are frequently induced to exercise their personal influence there, and commonly with happy consequences.

HOW THE CHILDREN ARE SELECTED.

The selection of the children is no easy task, as the most capable and experienced workers among the poor have proved again and again. These are mostly from church and Bible missions, hospitals, dispensaries, day nurseries, industrial schools, and similar bodies. After the local committee has announced the exact number that the town or towns can accommodate, its list is divided among those that have children to send. A record is carefully kept of the persons and organizations that apply for a share in the outings, and the first applicant furnishes the first company to go. Before the close of summer, opportunity is provided for the rustication of the most needy. The parents of the children to be chosen are informed that it is essential that the children must be poor, free from vermin or any infectious disease. A competent physician inspects each child, and generally not more than one in three passes inspection. The Board of Health supplies a list of the tenements in which infectious diseases prevail, and children from those tenements are not taken. The majority are rejected on account of infestation with vermin, which frequently cannot be removed in a given time. The labor of getting an average tenement-house child into proper condition to be accepted in a country family can scarcely be overrated. Most of the children seen at the fresh-air charities appear quite neatly dressed for the reason that their parents, no matter how poor, make strong efforts to have them make a good showing; the very raggedest are looked after by charitable people, and are clothed after they leave their homes.

It might be thought that families who had once extended hospitality to the little unfortunates would not be likely to repeat their experience; that they would shrink from bringing those vitiated by environment into immediate contact with their own children; and if they did, that they must pay the penalty of such imprudence. But the facts do not sustain the likelihood. The selectors from the tenements are generally educated to their business, and having personal knowledge of the occupants and their encompassment, they are not apt to go astray. Besides, the children are held in check by the newness and decency of their surroundings, and inspired with additional self-respect, and the period of probation is short. Their entertainers, being moral and conscientious, are desirous to do good, and are conscious of doing it in such instances. They often become interested in the small strangers, are very glad to receive them again and again, and follow them to town with kindest wishes, expressed in letters and more substantial evidences of attachment. The warm-hearted country people have shown, after seventeen years, no signs of weariness in their benevolence; and the number of free places steadily increases—a most creditable and hopeful indication.

Naturally many persons are sceptical of the desirable results of these charitable outings. They assert that they are more harmful than helpful, in making the beneficiaries dissatisfied with their inevitable future, and causing them to yearn for what they cannot reach. This is sometimes so; but it is maintained by experienced workers for and with the poor that the dissatisfaction is accompanied by happy consequences. It affords the poor child a new view, a hope of something better, a possibility of advancement and elevation. The country home is a revelation to him or to her. He meets amiable, decent, kindly people for the first time on a familiar footing; is associated with them; becomes part of their daily life. The lessons he gets there are not likely to be forgotten, and the ideas generated there stick in the memory. He often imparts them to his parents, and benefits them thereby. It leads him to love the country, its green fields and big trees, its ducks, geese, chickens, cattle, horses; and this is always healthful. He never quite forgets what he has seen there; he returns to the subject constantly, and is meliorated by the memory. It is a bright spot in the thick darkness of his daily scenes, and its radiance is never totally extinguished. Many a child has been entirely altered and eventually reformed by recollection of a summer outing. If it helps but one in a hundred—and there is reason to believe that it helps a much larger proportion—the work is well done and the recompense sufficient.

The hygienic effect produced on poor children by a few weeks in the country would scarcely be credited if observing and trustworthy citizens had not borne testimony thereto. Their appetites improve; their coughs disappear; their ulcers heal; their pale, thin faces grow ruddy and round, their languid movements elastic, their dull spirits buoyant, as if by magic. But the sole magic is the exchange of privation, filth, foul air, rudeness, for plenty, cleanliness, oxygen, kindness—misery, in short, for happiness. Even deformities have been arrested and finally cured. The incalculable good that a little money may do is illustrated by the summer outings in a most significant and memorable manner. The cynics who are fond of saying "charity is useless, achieves nothing practical," are either ignorant or mendacious, as a little investigation abundantly demonstrates.

The *Tribune* Fresh-Air Fund, whose facts I have freely appropriated, mentions in its last report (1893) that during that season 26,329 persons were sent up the Hudson for a day, and 13,846 persons, mostly children, sent to the country for a fortnight, and that the total expenses were $26,620 75, the average expense per capita for those going to the country for two weeks being only $1 92. This surprisingly low rate would not have been possible except for the causes already cited. The charity has grown surprisingly. Beginning with 60 children in 1877, the number swelled in 1893 to 132,071, the expenditure being $305,180 14, and the average per capita for the seventeen years being but $2 48. This is for the fortnight's vacation only, inasmuch as the cost of the day excursions has been borne by private citizens, and during the last four years by a single philanthropist, who is unwilling his name shall be made public.

IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR.

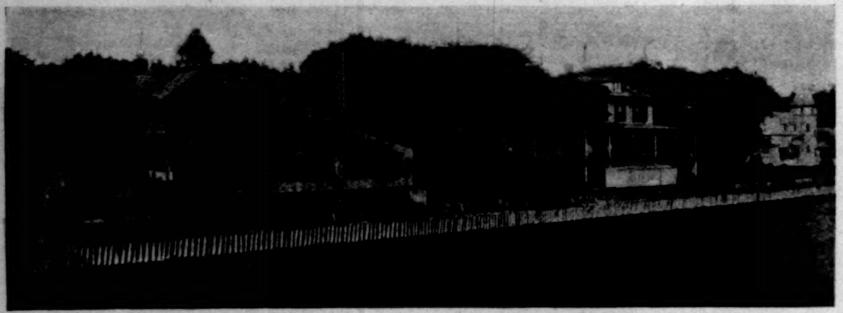
The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, of which R. Fulton Cutting is president, and Francis S. Long-

THE ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR—WEST END—LUNCHEON.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY—BATH BEACH—DANCING ON THE LAWN.

worth, general manager, has recently opened a Department of Fresh-Air Work. It was organized in the winter of 1843 to improve the condition of the working-people of New York in their homes, irrespective of country, creed, or color, and to relieve them, when necessary, in sickness and distress. Four years ago they found it essential to undertake summer outings in order to carry out their original purpose, and they have managed them with zeal, energy, and success. Having decided on ocean excursions, they at first leased, and have since purchased, the People's Sea-side Home at West Coney Island, which embraces ten or twelve acres on the margin of the broad Atlantic, and on which three large cottages are situated. These cottages, formerly boarding-houses, have been reconstructed and put in the best of order for the reception of tenement people in town. Parties of from 500 to 1000, comprising whole families, are carefully chosen from the tenements in the city by experienced visitors, who furnish them with tickets of admission. These parties gather at the pier at Twenty-second Street, on the North River, at an early hour on three mornings of each week in June, July, August, and September, and are carried to the Home on Coney Island by the Iron Steamboats. They return to New York the same evening in charge of some of the visitors, having enjoyed an ocean sail, a substantial meal, a surf bath, and a day's recreation on the breezy shore.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY—ASTOR COTTAGE, BATH BEACH.



CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY—BATH BEACH—VIEW FROM THE WATER-FRONT.

The husbands and fathers, who are usually at work, seldom go; but mothers, grandmothers, and children have a delightful, invigorating day, and something to think about for months. All who make the excursion are delighted with it, and eager to go again. The effect on the children is immediately visible in the expression of their faces and their every movement. The ozone of the ocean gets into their blood even in those short hours, and, in a way, revivifies and transforms them, as it does their parents, though these, naturally, show it far less. The association also provides at the Home for sick or crippled children for one, two, or more weeks, according to their needs. The managers are too wise to make rigid rules for their guidance, having found by experience that a certain elasticity serves them best. The cottages are very neat, and the rooms furnished with small iron bedsteads, which will accommodate one hundred children at a time. The support of one child for three weeks costs $10; three children, same time, $25; seven, $50; fifteen, $100; and seventy-five, $500. The association does not regard the home as in any sense a hospital, but does all it can for crippled children, or those out of condition from slight disorders incident to tenement-house life under the most favorable conditions. The poor creatures who come to the home pallid, puny, exhausted, go from it refreshed and restored. It is truly a home to them—such, alas, as they in their own dwellings have never known. Is it strange that many of them, back in the slums, speak of it as heaven?

Colored persons exclusively share in the ocean excursions three or four times every season, and seem to appreciate them even more than the whites do. Their satisfaction is radiant and contagious. Constitutionally light-hearted, free from anxiety, whatever their lot, they dwell in the present, and, after a day spent at Coney Island, they burst into song going back on the boat to the city, and their naturally sweet voices are heard over the waters at the sunset hour in hymns of gratitude.

How all the beneficiaries, young and old, revel in the sea! The children laugh, leap, and prattle on the sand, and fairly scream with delight in the tumbling surf. To many of them a bath of any sort is a novelty, and entire cleanliness a thing undreamed of. They are renovated by the sea in more senses than one, and often say to one another, after dressing, that they feel lighter, as if "the wind might blow them away."

The last report, that of 1893, says that 21,247 persons were taken to the home, at a cost of $11,725 03, of which $454 was for the erection of a pavilion in which lunch is served at the shore. The balance on hand was $4,042 27. The entire expense of a day excursion varies from $200 to $350. The association is supported wholly by voluntary contributors, many of our prominent rich citizens being regular contributors. The statement of the association for the last four years of the fresh-air work in the department of hygiene shows a steady increase in the sum total that is most encouraging:

Year.	Parties.	Beneficiaries.	Receipts.	Cost.	Contributors.
1890	20	11,200	$3,581 70	$3,552 80	139
1891	33	17,518	8,245 27	7,837 10	314
1892	33	21,446	12,123 55	9,470 10	428
1893	32	21,556	12,676 91	11,725 03	501
	118	71,720	$36,627 43	$32,585 03	1,382

The design of the association is to benefit those who have not the means to get away from their homeless homes, and who would not, save for its charity, inhale pure air, secure a day of recreation, a wholesome meal, or a plunge in the sea. Many of the children and their elders, it must be remembered, have never been in the country till taken there by the association, have never seen the Central or any other park in this city of parks, have not even bowed to Nature, with whom their financial betters deem it necessary for endurance to be on intimate terms throughout their lives. Such restrictions scarcely appear possible, but the bulk of us have no conception of the bondage and hardship forced on the dwellers in tenements. These seldom quit their noisome neighborhood for recreation, being too tired usually to walk, and wanting money to pay car fares—no inconsiderable item to the tenement people compelled to provide for large families on wages of from $10 to $12 a week.

The beneficiaries of the association, like those of the *Tribune* Fresh-Air Fund, the Children's Aid Society, and other charitable organizations, are, with rare exceptions, foreigners or their immediate descendants. The greater part are southern Irish and Roman Catholic Germans, along with a number of Italians, Slavs (mainly Poles, Bohemians, Hungarians), and a few scattering Russians, some of them (recently) the expelled Jews. The French (who seldom emigrate) and Scandinavians do not figure in the list. Considering their antecedents, their lack of all advantages, their mode of living, their ignorance, their superstition, and all the doleful rest, they are exceedingly patient, forbearing, and well behaved. They give no trouble on the excursions, require little counsel or direction from the visitors, and, on the whole, demean themselves very much as their superiors in fortune do. To me their patience is touching. When I watch the resignation and sadness of the elders' faces, and the joyousness of the children's, I think painfully of what the experience of the elders must have been—how their starved lives must have eaten into their hearts. Pure Americans under similar conditions, had they been willing to remain in the world, would, I fear, be intolerable, from ferocious misanthropy and bitterness.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY—BATH BEACH—HAXTUN COTTAGE FOR CRIPPLED GIRLS.

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

The Children's Aid Society (founded by the late Charles L. Brace, forty-one years ago), whose noble labors in the cause of humanity are known far and wide, has done incalculable good by its summer charities. The Health Home, established in 1882, at West Coney Island, by D.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY—BATH BEACH—THE DINNER CALL.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD, TRANSPORTING PATIENTS TO SEA-SHORE HOSPITAL, NEW DORP, STATEN ISLAND.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD—ONE OF THE BABIES SAVED ON FLOATING HOSPITAL.

Willis James, now president of the society, includes a main spacious building, and several handsome cottages erected by Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, Mrs. W. D. Sloane, and Mrs. Benjamin Haxtun. It is devoted to poor mothers and their suffering children, particularly babies, and is supplied with everything that can insure their comfort and convalescence. They have excellent food, trained nurses, and the best medical attention, with scrupulously neat airy dormitories, sitting-rooms for the elders, and play-rooms for the little ones. The Home is directly on the sea, whose breezes permeate every chamber, and fan the fatigued, overworked mothers and their sickly infants back to health and strength. The nominal time of their stay is a week, but it is often extended; indeed, every inmate is allowed to remain until sufficiently recovered for safe removal. Hundreds of babies are saved every season by transferrence from noxious tenements, where cholera-infantum is a regular scourge, to the delightful Home. Its windows look out on grass-plots and beds of flowers, and, beyond these, on the shining, rolling, invigorating sea. Mrs. James Brace is superintendent this year, in place of the Rev. A. P. Stockwell, resigned.

At the dispensaries in New York, the physicians in charge, when they discover cases in the tenements requiring treatment, give the mothers a pass for a visit to the Home, and every Monday morning they gather with their children at the Battery, where an agent of the society meets them, and conducts them to the island. No distinction is made as to creed or race, all needy humanity being on the same level in the eyes of that widespread charity. The beneficiaries of the Home last year numbered 6300 (adults 2202, children 4093), at a net expense of $6577 60.

The Summer Home, founded by Andros B. Stone, some years ago, at Bath Beach, Long Island, Charles R. Fry, superintendent, is beautifully situated, and altogether attractive, with trees, flowers, and lawns. Besides the chief structure, it includes a number of picturesque cottages, some of them erected by William Waldorf Astor, John Jacob Astor (son of the late William Astor), J. Hooker Hammersley, and Mrs. Benjamin Haxtun, the last for crippled girls. It receives only children, and had more of them last season than ever before (5007 in all), boys having been added as an experiment, with happy effect. They seemed to have even more zest in the place than the girls, who had previously monopolized it.

The dinner call is very striking and pictorial, and the boys and girls dance merrily on the lawn. The children, raw from the tenements, exhibit such surprise, combined with pleasure, at receiving good food, kind treatment, and nice beds, that it is pathetic to witness it. They are overjoyed with the surf-bathing, and appear to be electrified by the strange consciousness of cleanliness.

So ignorant are they of nature that many things at the beach puzzle them. A little boy who heard a cicada in a tree asked if the sound came from a bird working her sewing-machine.

A small girl who had seen a quacking duck wanted to know if it was a pig with feathers on and two legs, grunting for food.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD—CROWD AT FOOT OF RUTGERS STREET WAITING FOR FLOATING HOSPITAL.

Most of the little strangers are amazed at the kindness shown them by the nurses and matrons. One of them inquired, "Is these here women good to us 'cause they ain't our mothers?" What a terrible, because involuntary, criticism on maternity as he knew it! Could there be a more painful and significant condensation of a child's life in tenement-houses?

Some of the children who enter the library for the first time actually do not know—is this believable?—what a book is, and can scarcely understand after ample explanation.

The sight of the sea fills them with wonder. "It looks," said a boy, "like all out-doors with water poured over it."

"What keeps the water," asked another, "from running off?"

"Is them," inquired a third, pointing to some distant ships, "great big birds? I don't see the wings movin'."

The inmates are always delighted with the home. They cannot understand why they feel so very differently from what they have ever done before. Poor things! they are wholly unaccustomed to good food, soft beds, and clean bodies.

One eight-year-old urchin, coming from the bath, declared that he felt queer, as if he were "goin' up."

Another remarked: "It's awfully jolly here.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD—PATIENTS PREPARING TO LEAVE FLOATING HOSPITAL FOR SEA-SHORE HOSPITAL, NEW DORP, STATEN ISLAND.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD—THE CHILDREN'S CITY HOSPITAL WARDS AT SEA-SHORE HOSPITAL, NEW DORP, STATEN ISLAND.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD—DR. HAWLEY, RESIDENT PHYSICIAN OF THE SEA-SHORE HOSPITAL, BATHING THE CHILDREN.

SEA-SHORE COTTAGE, NORTH LONG BRANCH—FRONT VIEW.

I've been here more'n a week, and it don't seem, by gosh, more'n three hours!"

A small cripple announced himself, the other morning, "as happy as the devil"; and a boy with a badly fractured arm, who had evidently had some theologic instruction, was curious to learn "why God didn't come and live here."

Last summer 5007 children were entertained at Bath Beach, of which number 3660 spent the allotted week.

The Children's Aid Society depends for its varied and excellent charities on voluntary contributions, and its field of usefulness is so generally recognized and appreciated that many of our wealthy citizens are generous donors. But the demands on it so steadily increase that it is always in need of money, as, indeed, all our best charities are, and must ever be in a great cosmopolitan city like New York.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD.

St. John's Guild—William Brookfield, president, C. Rockland Tyng, general agent—is more than twenty-seven years old, and is most active, energetic, and zealous in taking care of poor mothers exhausted by care, poverty, disappointment, and in preserving the lives of their little ones born in tenement-houses to share the maternal fate. To this end, it has arranged summer outings, and has established a Sea-side Hospital at New Dorp, Staten Island. The need of protecting children, especially of the very poor, is manifest from the fact that last year, when the estimated population of New York city proper, on July 1st, was 1,891,306, the deaths of infants under one year old were 11,105, and of children under five years were 17,872. The births recorded were 51,616, and the total deaths 44,370, showing a death rate (estimated) of 23.46 for every 1000, and that one child in every three dies before reaching the age of five. Hence, the obvious advantage of the Guild's Floating and Sea-side hospitals.

The Floating Hospital has been in operation nineteen years, making three trips a week during the heats of summer. So much good was done, so much need of the work was felt, that last year the Floating Hospital made six trips a week, from Monday to Saturday inclusive, between July 12th and August 31st—thirty-nine trips in all, five being prevented by inclement weather. On four trips were taken more than 600 persons; on six trips, more than 800; on five trips, more than 900; on two trips, more than 1000; on four trips, more than 1300; and on six trips, more than 1400. The Guild is maintained by voluntary contributions, and many of these are received (the estimated cost of a trip is $250) from benevolent and prosperous citizens who have made themselves acquainted with the practical working of the charity. The trips are under the personal supervision of one or more members of the Hospital Committee, consisting of nine members of the Board of Trustees. The superintendent and his assistants, the attending physician, in co-operation with an inspector from the Health Department, the corps of trained nurses, the matron and her aids, are always present to discharge their duties faithfully.

There are two features of the Floating Hospital that demand attention, the trained nurse department and the salt-water bath-room. The former embraces a chief nurse and four associates, acting under the general direction of the attendant physician, and the latter contains spray and tub baths in charge of competent women. The tired mother first leaves her baby in the ward to the care of the nurses, and is herself refreshed and strengthened by the salt spray bath, as her child or children are later. There is a large dining-room on the boat, where all are amply fed. Such of the little folks as are reasonably well, and crave only fresh air and recreation, ascend to the upper deck and amuse themselves. Those who are really ailing, especially the babies, are sent to the Sea-side Hospital at New Dorp, and it is interesting to see how carefully and tenderly they are handed over the side to be taken ashore for systematic treatment.

THE SEA-SIDE HOSPITAL.

The Sea-side Hospital and its annex are long low buildings, perfectly plain, but admirably adapted for their purpose, and provided with everything needful. A long piazza looks out on the lower bay, and gets every breath of the sea. On the first floor is a spacious dining-room for those of the patients who can go to the table, and this connects with pantries and store-rooms, offering every facility for serving food easily and rapidly. On the second floor are six small wards capable of holding three beds, and these open on a broad balcony facing the bay, with a shady grove in the rear. The third floor, which is really two half-stories, is arranged with a view to the complete isolation of any patients who may develop contagious diseases after admission to the hospital. The trustees have accorded the privilege of naming the wards of the new building for $300, and of naming the cribs for $100, and the privilege has been freely accepted, thus adding materially to the revenue.

The Sea-side Hospital is opened every summer—early in July—at the date of the first sailing of the Floating Hospital. Last year, in the seven weeks that constituted the season, 1252 beneficiaries were received—789 babies and 463 mothers—and these remained, according to their needs, for shorter or longer periods. The largest number in the hospital at any one time was 255, on August 2d. On 25 of the 49 days comprising the season there were more than 200, and on eight days only were there less than 150 patients. All of them, except 10 children who died, were returned to their tenements either wholly restored or greatly improved.

The scenes on the mornings of the departure of the Floating Hospital from the piers on the North River are impressive, and prove the great benefit of the Guild to the poor. About seven o'clock women with infants and children begin to gather on the pier. At eight o'clock two ropes are stretched from the gang-plank, and two physicians take their stand at the outer end to inspect all who are to pass. Each woman going aboard stops to present her ticket, bearing her name and address, the number of her children, and the state of their health, certified by a city physician of repute. The boat physicians make a hurried examination to see that the beneficiaries have no contagious disease. When any trace of it is found the unfortunate is put outside the rope without ceremony. So is any entirely healthful child over six years with his or her mother. Every day from eight to twenty are rejected, and they look pitiable as they stand aside with yearning looks toward the barge. The accepted file off to the upper deck, getting whatever assistance is necessary, and are placed on settees, the parent receiving a ticket for a pint of milk for each of her little ones. When all are on board a tug steams down the harbor with the barge, while the bathing, feeding, and nursing are intelligently looked after. Many of the mothers and children, the infants especially, seem prematurely old and worn, as if life had already weighed them down, and as if it might be a relief to give it up, which it doubtless would. The lot of the very poor in a great city, do for them what we may, is pitiably full of afflictions.

MISCELLANEOUS OUTINGS.

Many of the large churches of every denomination, and not a few of the smaller ones, in New York, are now engaged in sending women and children into the country during the hot weather. They do this mainly through their missions, not selecting the beneficiaries directly from the tenement-houses, though nearly all of them naturally live there. The church poor are generally of a better order than those provided for by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Children's Aid Society, and similar organizations. They are more intelligent, have some education and considerable training, thanks to the ecclesiastic and ethical influences to which they are subject.

The Church of the Holy Communion, the Rev. Henry Mollet, rector, was, it is said, the first church in this city to establish a fresh-air fund for the tenement-house poor, the credit of the philanthropy belonging to the late Dr. Muhlenberg, the founder of that parish. The first place designed for the reception of poor women and children was, probably, Ashford Hill Retreat in Westchester County. It contains between 70 and 80 acres of land, on which are five buildings, with the use of a small stone church, and is under the direction of the *Tribune* Fresh-Air Fund. At present some 200 mothers and their little children are enjoying its benefits. The Retreat is carefully and excellently conducted, with the most gratifying results.

SEA-SHORE COTTAGE, NORTH LONG BRANCH—WHILING AWAY THE MORNING HOURS.

All Souls Church, whose pastor, Rev. Heber Newton, is now abroad for his health, is ever ardent in the cause of humanity, and ever seeking opportunities to do good. Distinguished also in fresh-air enterprises are St. Ignatius Church; Grace Church, which has a home at Rockaway, Long Island; St. Bartholomew's; Calvary Church, with a home at Carmel, New York; the Church of the Incarnation, with a home at Lake Mohegan, New York; and various other Episcopal societies that particularly concern themselves with summer charities. The City Mission Society, Rev. Brockholst Morgan, sends poor children to the country every summer, and is very active and zealous in its work. There is a Memorial Baptist Church Home at Brattleboro, Vermont; the Church of the Divine Paternity (Universalist), sends children to the country; the New Jerusalem Church, also, together with the Roman Catholic Home, under the Sisters of Peace; a Sanitarium for Hebrew Children at Rock-

DAISY FIELDS HOME AND HOSPITAL, ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.
Eleven little Patients.

DAISY FIELDS HOME AND HOSPITAL, ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.
The Kindergarten.

aw Long Island; the Jewish Working-Girl's Society at Pa gue, Long Island (receives only unmarried working-women at $3 per week).

There is a Summer Shelter at Morristown, New Jersey; th lith Summer Home, at Bible Island, South Norwalk, Connecticut; St. Andrew's Cottage, for boys, at Farming-d Long Island; St. Anna's Cottage, at the same place; St. Michael's Villa, at Englewood, New Jersey (receives 250 women and children of both sexes); the Bartholdi Crèche, at ndalls Island (receives only adults in charge of children); the Sea-side Summer Young Women's Christian Association, at Asbury Park, New Jersey; the Baptist Home, at mers, New Jersey (receives children of both sexes from five to fifteen).

Private charities exist, like the attractive Woody Crest Home, at Tarrytown, New York, supported by Miss Helen Gould, which is open throughout the year, entertaining in winter a few tired women seamstresses and teachers. The Eunice Home is a house built by the Reed Alumnæ League of Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's school, and located in New Jersey. Also the Gilbert A. Robertson Home, at Starsdale, New York, a very pretty place, accepting whole families during the summer. The Ethical Culture Society, Felix Adler, lecturer, sends poor children to the country from June to September. Other associations and persons, who can do no more, raise funds to give poor boys and girls an airing on the Staten Island and other long ferries. An organization of young men, of which Sherman Evarts is president, sends about 1800 poor boys on an annual excursion at this season.

THE WORKING-GIRLS' VACATION.

The Working-Girls' Vacation Society, Mrs. William Herbert president, is nine years old, and a very quiet though valuable charity. Cherry Vale, at Greenwich, Connecticut, has been converted by its generous owner from a small plain cottage into a handsome Colonial dwelling. It accommodates thirty girls—twice as many as formerly—who are allowed the use of the house rent free. Each room has been tastefully furnished by funds contributed by the girls of different schools in New York. The society has eight other houses for working-girls who are broken down in health, at Thompsonville and Ashland, New York; Farmington, Green's Farms, Stamford, and Greenwich, Connecticut; and Pittsfield, Massachusetts. To all the houses 667 girls were sent last summer. A lady connected with the society visits all the places before the season begins, to see that the houses are ready, and that the proper care can be depended on.

A fortnight is allowed each girl, but when more time is required for recovery, it is freely given. To prevent danger of pauperization a nominal price of $1 50 per week is charged, except where the persons recommending the girl have reason to believe she cannot pay it. In some instances they themselves pay the board in whole or in part. Some girls, when they can afford to, pay nearly the full price charged, which makes it possible to extend the vacation. Last season those girls paid $1528 61. To many girls, who cannot go away for more than a day at a time, are given Glen Island tickets at half price (twenty cents), including girls who are well. The girls are all vouched for, and they are accepted, if worthy, regardless of creed.

The society has it in contemplation to buy sufficient real estate within two hours of New York to include a central house and a small park, and is likely to carry out the plan before another year.

THE DAISY FIELDS HOME.

A much-needed and excellent institution, opened only last year at Englewood, New Jersey, is the Daisy Fields Home, Mrs. Herbert B. Turner president. The use of a cottage with broad grounds has been given by a liberal citizen, but the current expenses are defrayed by voluntary contributions. It is designed for crippled children, and though it will accommodate but twelve at a time, it is of great benefit to one of the most unfortunate classes of sufferers—those who have undergone an operation in the hospital, and remain there for a certain time, often with small hope of recovery. Being from the tenement-houses, they are either returned there when sufficiently strong (and what is the chance of recovery in such abodes of penury and corruption?), or, if not healed, and if abandoned by their parents, as frequently happens, they are sent to Randalls Island, where perfunctoriness is the rule. In any case, they cannot long stay in the hospital; they must give place to others. And when discharged where can they go, except to the island? It is commonly thought there are various institutions to receive them. But really there are not. At the Daisy Fields Home alone (it is declared) can a crippled child, who is compelled, after an operation, to quit the hospital, be treated fully and scientifically. And how very few it will accommodate!

The complete helplessness of a crippled child is lamentable. His legs are passed through iron rings joined to iron supports on one or both sides, bound around his waist, and also at the shoulder. He is locked up in this metallic frame. Poor little creature! what acrid sarcasm to call his bondage and anguish life! To see the luckless dozen ranged in front of the pleasant Englewood cottage on a beautiful June day is pathetic indeed. What a contrast between the loveliness of Nature and the cruelty of Fortune!

The original intent of the Home was to keep it open only in summer. But when summer had passed where were the patients to go? The lack of an answer decided the managers to relinquish the intent. The Home cannot be closed in common mercy. Necessarily expensive, it is sorely in need of money. Can any charity be more deserving? The Home requires enlargement and immediate assistance. Will its urgent appeals pass unheeded?

THE SEA-SHORE COTTAGE.

The Sea-shore Cottage at North Long Branch, New Jersey, established by Mrs. Fletcher Harper, Jun., is somewhat similar to the Girls' Vacation Society, except that it has regular rates for boarders. It is a summer resort for the young working-women of New York who need rest and recreation, have but limited time to spare, and necessarily a slender income. The cottage, which will accommodate fifty visitors, is immediately on the sea-shore, with every facility for surf-bathing on its own beach. Everything is provided for comfort and reasonable enjoyment at the lowest price ($5 per person for one week, and $9 for a fortnight) that will meet the bare running expenses. The stay of each visitor, in order to afford the most good to the largest number, is limited to two weeks. Those who have been there have found it so pleasant that they are always anxious to go again.

There are divers homes and resorts of an analogous kind in the vicinity of this city, where wage-earning women who are recommended may secure board for a fortnight during summer at from $2 to $4 a week, simply to cover the cost. They appeal to many who wish to preserve their independence, and yet are necessarily straitened for money through their circumstances.

THE LITTLE MOTHERS'.

The Little Mothers' Aid Association reaches a class of the poor that no other charity does, and is most meritorious on that account. It is in the hands of a number of sympathetic, benevolent ladies, who exert themselves actively and successfully in its behalf. They have established what they have named the Holiday House, at Pelham Bay, on Long Island Sound, sixteen miles from New York, and convey there the girls that stand so much in need of their assistance. The Little Mothers are the girls who have the care of the younger children while their parents, occupants of tenement-houses in town, are absent at work. They have, therefore, no opportunity to share in any of the summer outings that other poor children enjoy. The ladies make it their business to seek out those girls in the slums, arrange for the care of the babies and the tenement for the day, and hand a ticket to the girl, naming a place to meet, and the date of her outing.

Each Tuesday and Friday morning of the season they see that the Little Mothers get to the Holiday House, where they breakfast on a big bowl of bread and milk, play for a few hours in the fields and orchards, bathe in the Sound, and are furnished with a substantial dinner, followed by an afternoon of varied pleasure. Then, loaded with fruits and flowers, they are returned to their dingy habitations, after what must seem to them a vision and taste of Paradise.

The Holiday House is delightfully situated in the midst of a cultivated park. Some of the girls who can be spared are kept there for a few days, and in addition to the creature comforts receive valuable lessons in mending, cooking, and general house-work.

The girl employed in shop or factory is, for the most part, decently clad; but she who stays in-doors to look after the baby is meanly attired in discarded garments. She is supplied on her excursion with new clothes of a proper and substantial kind, made by the King's Daughters and kindred associations. The managers endeavor to inspire her with self-respect, to teach her practical duties, to amuse and Americanize her. All the year round they keep her in mind, visit her when sick, furnish her with delicacies and comforts, and send her to the hospital when necessary.

Entertainments and gifts are given to the Little Mothers at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter. A Sunday circle, disconnected from Sunday-school, has been formed, and every effort is made to teach and train them to a new and better life—all sectarianism being sedulously discarded. Last summer 4872 of them were thus treated, and the benefit received can hardly be overestimated. Such labors, generous as gratuitous, must bring wealth of compensation to those who perform them.

Life, the humorous weekly, supports, through voluntary contributions of its readers and subscribers, at Branchville, Connecticut, a summer home, Life's Farm, an old-fashioned square house on a hill, where poor children, to the number of 200, are comfortably kept for a fortnight without price. It is a relief and a joy to all its young visitors.

Every year such charities multiply; but still there are not half enough. The tenement population in New York, computed in round numbers at 600,000, is always increasing, and the good people of the city are always devising fresh means to improve their lot. It is often said that the rich and well-to-do seldom think of the privations and sufferings of the poor. But the exact contrary is notoriously true in the commercial capital of the Western World.

THE FRUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

For a few moments after her mother put her arms about her she was quiet, a hard sob now and then telling of the storm of tears which had gone before. Suddenly she raised her head. "You see," she said, releasing her upper lip from its clasp of teeth, "*you* can't understand."

The older woman drew back, on her face the vision of words repressed. "But, Jean, dear," she said, quietly, after a pause, "you are unjust to Bob. Much of the fault has been yours; the time you have not given to society has been absorbed by the baby, and your husband has only seen you across your own or other people's dinner-tables. You have felt so sure of him that you have not cared where he went or what he did, so long as he left you to go your own way, and the result is he has drifted into this. You must remember, too, the woman in the case, that Lida Pell, was a friend of your girlhood, and besides, for a man to drop into a pretty woman's house for a cup of tea on his way up town, and take her driving when his wife can't go, doesn't mean unfaithfulness."

"N-o," the girl answered, reluctantly; "but this," holding at arm's-length, between forefinger and thumb, the scented note which had been lying near her. "And," she continued, burying her head in the pillows of the divan, and mumbling the words, as if their meaning was a weight too leaden to be borne, "I told you he kissed her."

"Yes, dear," her mother answered, speaking very gently, as it behooves the strong to address the weak; "once, one night, thinking she would be angry at him, he kissed her. He was ready for the end; and it was then, you tell me, she wrote making this appointment. He mistook the woman, that was all. He told you he was glad you had found the note, as it opened a way for him to speak to you of an 'affair' into which, before he realized it, he had drifted. At first he went there because she made it pleasant for him. You seemed indifferent to the use he made of his time when away from you. Surely in your heart you can find pardon for him when he feels it impossible to forgive himself, especially in that it has caused you pain? Besides, do you think, if you succeed in putting your husband out of your life, that you can easily put him from your heart? I wish for you only happiness, for I am your mother. I tell you to go back to your husband, that, for you, apart from him, lies only unhappiness. Can you not see, Jean, has he not told you, that it is you, and you alone, that he loves? He has told you—"

"Oh, he's plausible enough," the girl interrupted, "and you in pleading for him; but," she said, lifting her head, and speaking as if her resolve were fixed, "I shall never live with him again. You talk about my child, but the courts will give me her; and by the time she is old enough to know, every one else will have forgotton. It's of no use telling me my duty. I can never forgive him. In my eyes he has forfeited every claim. I know you are an older woman than I, and my mother, but you ask too much. If my father were alive, justice would be done me. And yet, I wonder that you, mamma, with *his* memory so close, knowing his honor, and, above all, his love for you, can tell me to go back to that man—to live a lie!"

Her mother rose and walked to the window. Holding back the curtain, she looked out into the rapidly darkening street. A light rain was falling, and in the gaslight the wet pavement shone like dull steel, while through the mist the passers-by seemed as shadows of things which are.

The room was quiet with the hush that comes when the day is ended. To the girl waiting the minutes seemed endless. Presently she spoke again. "Well, have you nothing to say to me before I go? I do not want you to think that I blame you. It isn't that. Perhaps yours *is* the right view—anyway, the one of a woman who has had a happy sheltered life, with duty left clear by the simpleness of it. If papa—"

"Jean," her mother interrupted, coming swiftly toward her, in her face and manner the abandon of one who, returning tired from a masquerade, throws her domino aside—"Jean," she said, speaking quickly, with vibrant voice, "you do not know what you are saying. Do not be so cruel, so unjust. Is it for you to judge the lives of other women? When this miserable suspicion of your husband's loyalty came to you, did you put it from you? Were you the same to him—yes, better to him? When uncertainty became certainty, did you—remembering the love you brought him on your wedding-day, the vows you spoke at the altar—go to him and plead with him for the sake of his child, his wife, his honor, to give up a passion which must bring inevitable ruin to all? Did you do this? And, then, when you found you had humbled yourself in vain, did you, for the sake of him whose name you bore, for the honor he trailed in mud, for the sake of the living child that linked the present with the past, bear the daily humiliation of being a wife in name alone? Have *you* stood between scandal and the child you loved that it might bear the heritage of a fair name, the memory of a father's honor, and have respect and love for him? Have you done these things, I say? And after years of suffering have brought their reward, and repentance and love returned make forgiveness sweet, have you forgotten even to judge?"

The girl sat still, her eyes on her rings, which she turned nervously on her fingers. Looking up, she read in the change on the face above her the import of the words which had been meaningless to her.

"My poor mother," she cried, "forgive me!—forgive me!"

It was dark when Jean returned home, and it seemed to her, as she pushed open the door of the baby's nursery, that the grief of yesterday had been swallowed by this of to-day. Her husband's dereliction was as far removed from her father's unfaithfulness as sunlight is from shadow. She realized fully, from the depths of her self-condemnation, the misery for all time to come of the knowledge she had that day made her own.

Inside the room all was peace. A wood fire burned cheerfully on the hearth, lighting up the colored prints on the walls, and the immaculate small table, where spirit-lamp and spoons, granum and bottles, were arranged in exquisite order. By the side of a tiny brass bed a white-capped maid was standing.

"Get up, Mamie," a dear little voice was saying. "See! Ou is my horse," giving the nurse a smart blow with a crop she held in her hand. "Oh, mimma!" she cried, catching sight of her mother; and as her mother took her up and kissed her she held her nose quite tightly pressed against her mother's. "Ou is got booful eyes, mimma," she said—"booful gweene eyes."

"Where did she get Mr. Wayman's crop, Mary?"

"Mr. Wayman, ma'am; he's been in here ever since he came from his ride. Miss Jean's been riding him, ma'am."

For a moment Jean held the little girl tightly pressed to her heart; then she put her back in her small bed, and kissing her very gently, turned and left the room. The child's clinging arms and tender lips had brought to her eyes a mist, through which she saw the future, and the happiness which yet might lie in it for her.

The light in her dressing-room was turned low, making weird shadows on the face of her husband. Tired of waiting for her, he lay asleep on her couch. She stood beside him looking down at him. His face was quite pale. As he slept, his brow was knit as if in pain. The hurt pride which had warred with her love for him had left her. In its place had come the devotion which is born of pain. Stooping, she kissed his brow between his eyes, and with the act came the memory, as of a scent, of their betrothal and the reverence of his first kiss.

Two months later Jack Sinclair and a friend were taking an after-theatre supper at Delmonico's. In the air was the breath of the summer to come, while through the partially opened windows came the sound of voices and laughter, the rumble of carriages, and jangle of cars.

Looking up, Sinclair bowed to a man and woman who came to a table near by. "Great Scotland!" he said, turning to his companion, "Bob Wayman and his wife! He looks more ill than she does; but," he added, "they say his devotion to her pulled her through. He took care of her night and day, I hear."

"Then Mrs. Pell isn't 'in it' any more, is she?" asked the other.

"She never was," Sinclair answered, with the air of a man who knows. "Bob has always been wrapped up in his wife. And besides, Jean Wayman is too sensible a woman, one too sure of her own charm, not to give her husband a long leash."

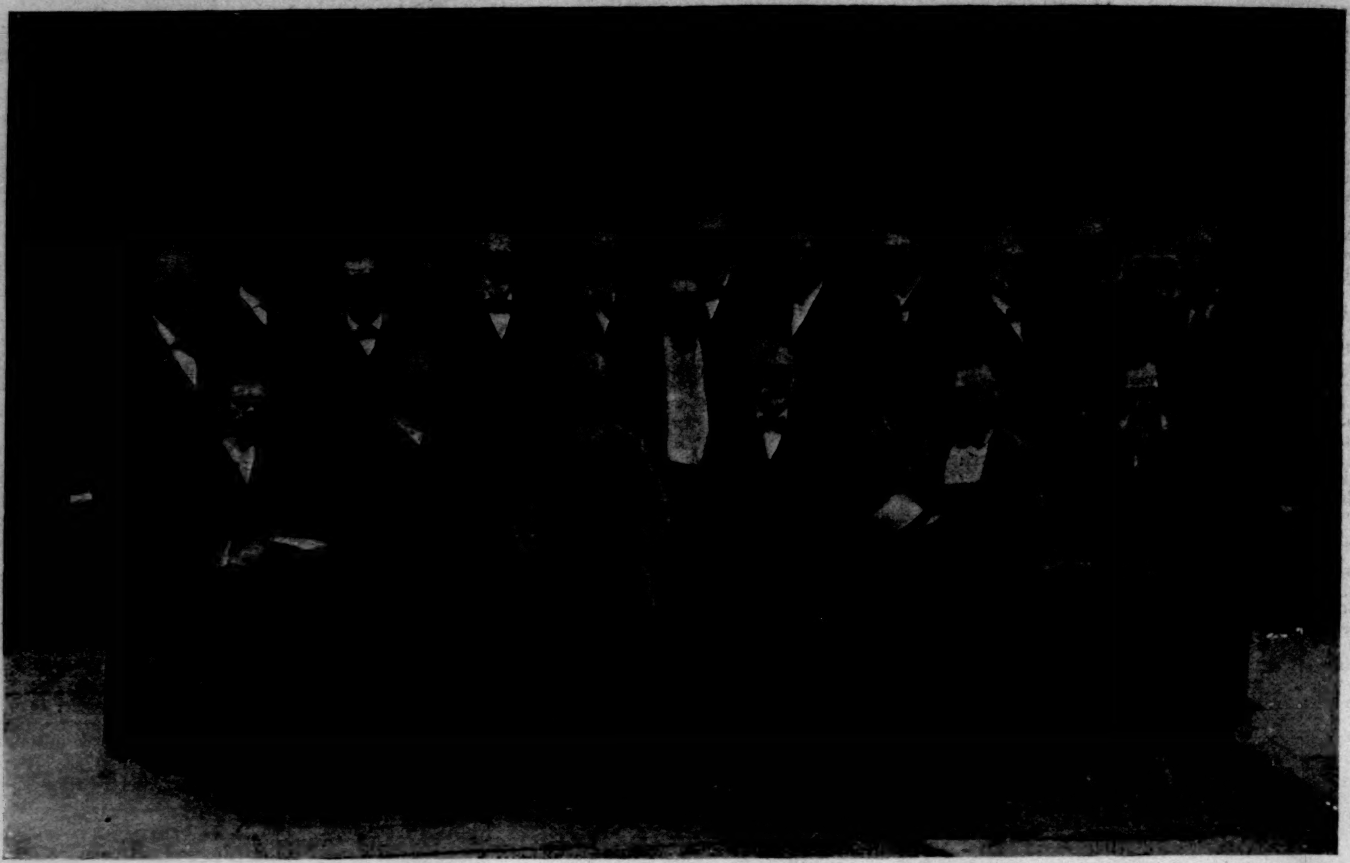
MARGARET MCKAY.

A SUMMER STORM.

When skies are bluest in our hot midsummer,
  Clouds gather black and sullen in the west;
Then, with the wrath of an unbidden comer,
  A storm breaks wildly from its long unrest.
It breaks and thunders through forsaken valleys,
  Over wide plains that bloom with tangled flowers,
Shrieking along green woodland ways and alleys,
  Down placid waters and rose-sweetened bowers.
It has the fury of the gale-blown surges;
  It has the soul of madness fired and freed;
And some directing will of chaos urges
  Its spirit that hungers with insatiate greed.
Men fall before it like the supple grasses;
  Earth trembles in its close and mighty hold;
And through vast rocky steeps of mountain passes
  I see a yellowed, foaming torrent rolled.

No voice is heard; no life is seen; but darkness
  Lies like deep night upon the gasping earth;
Wide-branching oaks bend low in utter starkness,
  And battling winds cry out their cruel mirth;
Yet here one hour ago I heard the singing
  Of a glad bluebird in sweet sun and breeze,
While some young maiden sped with laughter flinging
  Her joyous soul to the song-haunted trees.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.


Prof. Rogers, Vice-Pres.
H. Farquhar.
C. E. Bessey.
W. J. Beal.
F. W. Putnam.
Prof. Calvin.
B. W. Snow.
Manley Miles.
Dr. Howe, Sec'y of Council.
Prof. Fairchild, General Sec'y.
Dr. Brinton, Pres.
Prof. Harkness, Last Pres.
Major Powell, Past Pres.
H. A. Newton.

MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL—AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE—BROOKLYN, AUGUST 15TH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MARX

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

EACH of the special societies that convened in Brooklyn in the early part of last week is a national organization, but the importance of their meetings was somewhat dimmed, in popular estimation at any rate, by the brighter lustre of the general association to which they are auxiliary. However, it can hardly be said that the special societies make any bid for popular recognition. Their papers are for the most part technical. A glance at the programme of the Geological Society of America, for example, reveals an array of titles well calculated to frighten the uninitiated. One sees, among other things, that the "chemical and optical properties of amphiboles" were to be discussed, that "alunogen and bauxite of New Mexico" will be considered, as also will the "aneroid barometer," "platycnemic man in New York," "pyrrohotite deposits," and so on. Since one could not take a dictionary with him to the meeting, he could hardly hope to be edified by papers whose very titles he could not understand.

Nevertheless, some of the papers were not merely intelligible to the general listener, but even fascinating in their narration of events of the world's past history. To hear savants referring to the mountain-making of this epoch, or the continent-settling of that—to all manner of earth-building processes that culminated ages ago—and speaking almost with the certitude of eye-witnesses, is, for the uninitiated, to listen to a message bearing the charm of esotericism. But, as has been said, the listeners were for the most part not the uninitiated. In the main, the papers were prepared for and delivered to brothers of the craft, and the importance of the meeting of geologists is in no sense to be measured by the popular interest it evoked.

Much the same comment might be made upon each of the special meetings that preceded the opening of the A.A.A.S. Chemists and mathematicians and engineers, no less than geologists, dealt with topics whose bearing upon the practical affairs of people in general is indirect—not less important on that account, to be sure, but less commonly understood. Two of the societies, however, namely, the Association of Economic Entomologists, and the Society for Promotion of Agricultural Science, dealt with topics more directly in touch with the people. The latter-named society, in particular, had a programme well calculated to interest any audience not exclusively urban. Professor W. J. Beal, of the Agricultural College of Michigan, told of the struggle between the seeds of clover and the seeds of weeds; Professor C. E. Bessey, of the University of Nebraska, commented on the introduction of the Russian thistle into Nebraska; Professor B. D. Halsted, of Rutgers College and the New Jersey Agricultural Station, dealt with the blights that mar our fruit trees, and told how we might deal with the fungi that cause them; and there were other papers of like practical importance. But, of course, city people, knowing of agriculture only through its results, could not be expected to greatly concern themselves with its methods, so the meeting of agricultural scientists was as sparingly attended by outsiders as any of the other special meetings.

Popular interest was reserved, in the main, for the meetings of the A.A.A.S. itself, which, as every one had come to know, is the great representative scientific association of this country, allied in methods and aims, as in name, to the famous British Association. The A.A.A.S. had its real beginning more than half a century ago in a society called the American Association of Geologists and Naturalists, founded by Edward Hitchcock, Benjamin Silliman, and others of that older school of naturalists whose names are not as familiar as perhaps they ought to be to most of us to-day. In 1847 the scope of this society was enlarged, and under the chairmanship of Professor William B. Rogers a constitution was adopted which virtually made it a new society, with the title of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The aim of the organization is fairly epitomized in its name. Its scope includes practically the entire field of scientific research.

For several years after its organization the association flourished. In 1854 the membership passed the thousand mark. But then—if we may judge from statistics—it began to feel the effects of sectional strife in the country, for the membership dwindled somewhat from year to year, and in 1860 it had fallen to 644. Then for six years there was no meeting at all—one need not be learned in science to know the cause of this hiatus—and when, in 1866, the interrupted thread was taken up, there were but 79 members in attendance. The year following, the total membership of the association was only 415; but a steady growth began again, and in 1879 the thousand mark was reached once more. The next year, at Boston, the roll of membership sprang forward to 1555; and now it is well above 2000.

On the rolls of the association during this almost half-century of its existence are to be found the names of nearly all our distinguished scientists of that period. Among the forty-three past presidents one finds the names, to mention but a few of the more familiarly known, of Louis Agassiz, Benjamin Pierce, John Torrey, F. A. P. Barnard, J. S. Newberry, T. Sterry Hunt, Asa Gray, J. L. Le Conte, and a galaxy of famous men who are still of the living. The president of last year, who, according to the custom of the association, delivers the most important address at the present meeting, was Professor William Harkness, the well-known mathematician and astronomer, of the United States National Observatory at Washington. The president-elect, who presides at the present meeting, is Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, the anthropologist, of the University of Pennsylvania.

The first general session of the association convened in the lecture-hall of the Polytechnic Institute Thursday morning, the large hall being crowded with members and visitors from the city. In response to a pleasant address of welcome by President Backus of Packer Institute, Dr. Brinton, on behalf of the association, made a speech that was perfect of its kind. It was neither too long, as scientific discourses usually are, nor too short. It was couched in lucid, untechnical language, and its every sentence breathed the spirit of science. It told briefly of the catholicity of the association, how it excluded no earnest person from its ranks, made no discrimination of sex or nationality or color. It cited the catholicity of science itself, which is open to the world, free as air, seeking only the truth, and welcoming honest criticism; following facts, and not leading them; recognizing no dictator and no dogma; always ready to abandon an untenable position. It emphasized the fact that the main object of the association is educational, to inculcate as widely as possible a love of knowledge and of scientific methods; and that the ultimate object of scientific endeavor is not alone to know the material world, but to "discover those absolute laws of motion and matter and mind which are ubiquitous and eternal."

After the general meeting the various sections, in which the main work of the meeting is accomplished, met for organization in the halls assigned them in the Polytechnic and Packer institutes. The chairman of each section is officially known as a vice-president of the association. This year the Vice-Presidents are Professor George C. Comstock, of Washburn Observatory, University of Wisconsin (Mathematics and Astronomy); Professor William A. Rogers, of Colby University (Physics); Professor Thomas H. Norton, of the University of Cincinnati (Chemistry); Professor Mansfield Merriman, of South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania (Mechanical Science and Engineering); Professor Samuel Calvin, of the University of Iowa and the Iowa State Geological Survey (Geology and Geography); Professor J. A. Lintner, New York State Entomologist (Zoology); Professor Lucien M. Underwood, of DePauw University (Botany); Dr. Franz Boas, of the Columbian Museum (Anthropology); and Professor Henry Farquhar, of the United States Coast Survey (Economic Science and Statistics).

It was the duty of each vice-president, except Professor Lintner, who had been elected at the present meeting to fill a vacancy, to deliver a general address on some topic having to do with his line of special research. Thursday afternoon was entirely given over to these addresses. Professors Rogers and Comstock being absent, their papers were read by proxy. Professors Merriman and Underwood had selected topics rather too technical for unscientific listeners, but Professor Boas's subject, "Human Faculty as Determined by Race," had many elements of general popularity, while that of Professor Farquhar, "A Stable Monetary Standard," appealed to every one. The address of Professor Norton bore the alluring title of "The Battle with Fire," and told in popular and entertaining language of the efforts chemistry has made to subdue, and more especially to prevent, conflagrations. Professor Calvin's text seemed rather formidable, but the address proved quite the reverse of this. It told in a fascinating way of the chalk beds of the Missouri Valley, and drew a vivid picture of the conditions that prevailed in that middle-age period—as geologists count time—when a great sea occupied the interior of our continent, and when from the waters of this sea the shells of microscopic animals and plants were rained down in myriads upon the bottom, to form a sediment that became in time the substance which we now call chalk.

In the evening a large audience gathered in the Academy of Music, where, after an address of welcome pronounced by Acting-Mayor Wallace, the important address on "The Magnitude of the Solar System" was given by the retiring President of the Association, Professor Harkness. After the address a collation—or what was modestly announced as a lunch—was served in the banquet-hall, adjoining which are the rooms of the Art Association, which were hung with paintings and lavishly decorated in honor of the guests. Amid these not unduly scientific but highly popular surroundings the opening day of a most successful meeting was brought to a close.

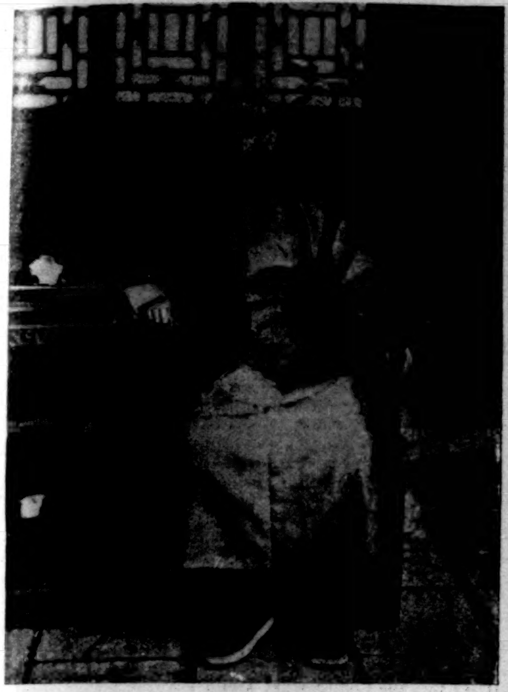
CHINA AS A MILITARY POWER.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS,

Author of "The Mikado's Empire."

IN no country in the world has the art of war received more voluminous *literary* treatment than in China. One of the great divisions of their colossal body of law is devoted to military regulations. These treat of protection of the Imperial palace, guarding of the frontier passes, the government of armies, etc., besides minute directions for the commissariat in provision and appliance. Nevertheless, the theory of war has received far more attention than its practice. Most of the Chinese military energy was anciently expended on the building of a great wall, covering a distance like that intervening between New York Harbor and Kansas City.

In modern times the military art has usually been cultivated by strategists and tacticians, who are more familiar with the art of making poetry and arranging classical phrases into mosaics of prose than with regiments or field evolutions. It is only in modern times and under the present dynasty that the soldier's office has been recognized as one worthy of being competed for by men of brains and culture. Throughout their long history the plan of the Chinese seems to have been to allow themselves to be conquered in war in order that they might reconquer their enemies in peace. The Huns, the Tartars, the Mongols, and the Manchoos have in turn overrun China. In the last case the conquerors imposed on the Chinese the once detested but now admired queue or pigtail. Then, in due time, in the irresistible solvent of the Chinese language, letters, and conservatism, the barbarian hordes were conquered, and became to all intents and purposes Chinese. Fortunately the Manchoos, who now rule the Empire, form "the most improvable race in Asia," and to them most of the credit for modern reforms in China is due. It is from the Man-



HIS EXCELLENCY LI HUNG CHANG.
Viceroy of Tchili, etc.—Photographed in 1877.

choos also, and not from the Chinese proper, that most of the best military material is now obtained. It was they who introduced competitive examinations for military appointments, though these are far from being of the same dignity or exactness as the literary tests.

China's military preparations in the second half of this century are almost wholly in the line of defence. It may be safely said that, except in the border state, she has no ability to carry on a foreign war. Hence her plan has been, when fighting with a European power, to use her pupil or vassal countries as buffers. In this way she has fought with England, France, and Russia, though, except in the single instance of the Ili campaign, her record is one of monotonous defeat. Give China time, so that she can march a force of soldiers and *grow crops by the way* (as she did in the Ili case) to sustain them, and she will wrest some obscure piece of frontier land from her earth-hungry enemy. Yet, in order to face a foreign foe, she prefers to have Cochin China or Korea between her own soil and that of the enemy. At home all her energy seems spent on defences which are immovable. She has seven arsenals, with dock-yards and appliances for making ships and munitions of war. She has also built forts, and this activity has been of advantage in creating some taste for science among a few of the official class. In general, however, the *literati* and provincial governors do not seem to have a suspicion of how great a part pure and applied science plays in modern warfare. Nor have they yet discovered that the spell of mere numbers has been broken, and that the greater the number of undisciplined men that are put into the field without commissariat, supplies, or transportation, the greater will be the number slain and the more overwhelming the disaster.

CHINESE NATIVE SOLDIERS WITH OFFICER—OLD STYLE.

Thus far almost all the money spent and the energy directed have been upon the Chinese navy, while the army has, speaking generally, been neglected. Passing by all mention of arsenals, forts, and immovable defences, we may ask whether the Chinese have any army? According to modern ideas, how can a country which has no railroads and no means of transportation, except the most primitive of carts and canal-boats, and no north and south lines of inland water communication, move or supply an army? With a vast navy this may be possible. Fortunately for China, the present seat of war adjoins her own border. Her first purpose, therefore, will be to keep the Japanese enemy off her own soil, and fight out the battle, according to her custom, in the neighboring peninsula of Korea.

Paradoxical as it may seem, in a sea of figures we can get no trustworthy statistics. It is next to utterly impossible to arrive at the actual strength of the Chinese standing army. To be sure, we have the figures found in the encyclopædias and text-books, scarcely modified by the most recent travellers in China. Yet we are not far from the actual truth in saying that, with the exception of the one province of Tchili, there is no army in the modern sense of the term. Only in the province over which Li Hung Chang has power is there a body of soldiery equipped, drilled, and armed in modern style. Li incarnates the ideas of New China. To his invincible perseverance and powerful will does China owe what preparation she has made for the war which has suddenly broken out.

The old Army of Eight Banners, consisting largely of Manchoos, is supposed to have in it 288,000 men of all arms, of whom 90,000, including the Peking garrison of 13,000, are supposed to be armed and manœuvred according to European standards. Unless, however, the Chinese mandarin's character suffers a total change and complete rectification on donning the military hat and button, these figures are greatly exaggerated. Else how could it be that although gunpowder is prohibited as an article of sale, yet in the vicinity of any military camp "you can procure," says a recently returned American physician, "powder for twenty cents a pound that was bought in England or the United States by the Chinese government for fifty cents or over? Owing to the unfortunate system in vogue, every contract given by a mandarin for the purpose of arms or ammunition is but a job out of which he gets his squeeze." Like commander like officers, like corporal like privates. We do not believe what is so often said by those who have studied the Chinese soldiery, that "the mandarins receive pay for the maintenance of about ten times the number of soldiers that actually exist." Nevertheless, we believe the official statistics we have given above are highly speculative. They refer to actual finance rather than actual men. The figures for Mongolia do not very much concern the present state of affairs. Neither do those of Thibet. The so-called Green Flag Army is supposed to be composed of 539,000 men, in addition to 161,000 militia and 98,000 yung or braves; the troops in Formosa and the western part of the Empire, Kulja, Turkestan, etc., do not concern us at present. We are told by statisticians that there are 1,038,000 armed troops in the Chinese Empire, of which 387,000 are supposed to be drilled in foreign style. We doubt, however, whether for immediate service in the present war there will be available more than 25,000 Manchoo troops who, provided no rebellion breaks out in this ever-restless territory, can be depended upon to do good service. Furthermore, there is, in the 99,000 well-instructed troops of Tchili, a large nucleus capable of making a creditable stand against European troops, and, more probably, of holding their own well against the Japanese. Of the 600 cannon in the land forces of this province, 245 are modern pieces.

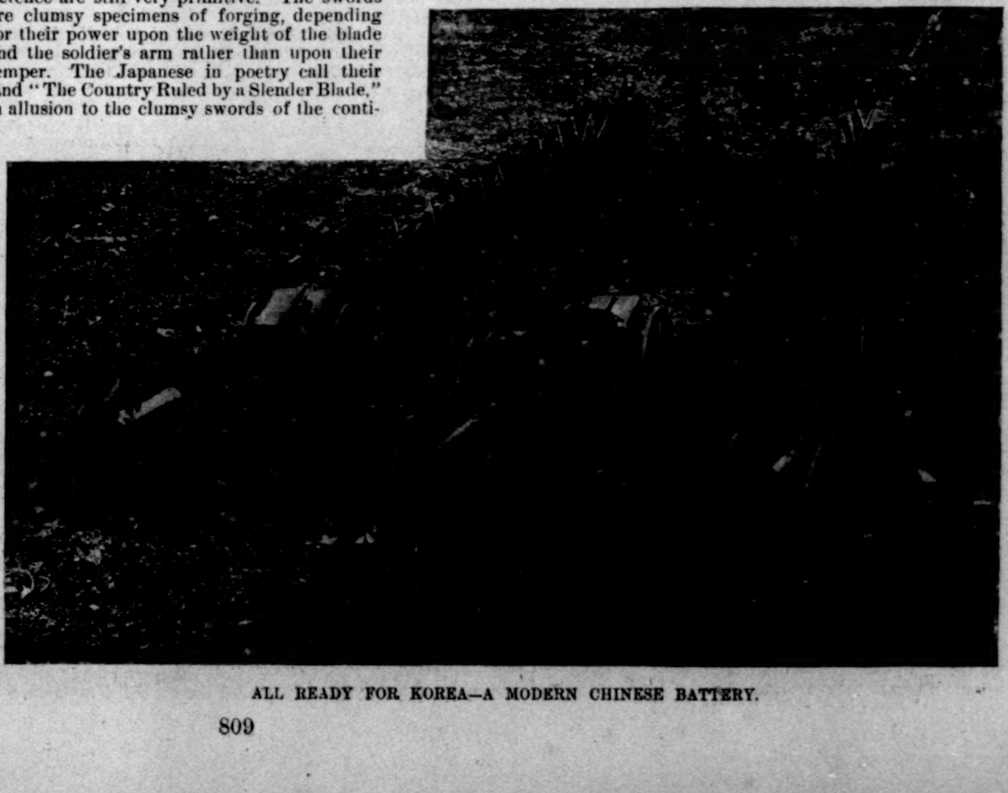
It is only by his determined will and constant perseverance that Li Hung Chang has kept together a really serviceable army. Scores of foreign officers—English, German, French, American—have been in Chinese employ drilling the native troops, but they are almost unanimous in their testimony that the men were never long enough in camp to learn the modern drill thoroughly. As soon as the Chinese coolies and country boys—for, unfortunately, as a rule, only the scum of the population is used for the army—learned the rudiments of their profession, they were drafted off and sent away where they would speedily forget their acquisition. It is, unfortunately, too true that the European instructors have never been given a fair chance. With the majority of the Chinese troops European drill is a reminiscence rather than a reality. Such a thing as the assembling of large bodies of soldiers for manœuvres in modern style is almost unknown, and the men who go into Korea to face the Japanese have never had the advantages possessed by their enemies.

With the great majority of the Chinese soldiers personal courage and brawn are the things most esteemed. Even the examinations for military positions will show that the ancient hand-to-hand encounter idea dominates the minds of the examiners. The weapons of offence and defence are still very primitive. The swords are clumsy specimens of forging, depending for their power upon the weight of the blade and the soldier's arm rather than upon their temper. The Japanese in poetry call their land "The Country Ruled by a Slender Blade," in allusion to the clumsy swords of the continental braves. Rattan shields are still favorite means of defence. These are often painted with tigers' heads upon them. It is true that these will turn a spear, deaden the force of an arrow shot at long range, and may be useful in a hand-to-hand sword fight. Of the matchlocks, gingals, and clumsy, elongated cannon, bows and arrows, it is not necessary to speak, for these things are worse than useless in modern warfare.

HU-JÜN-CHIH TSANG-CHIANG.
A Chinese Colonel of Infantry.

Of those regiments and batteries drilled and officered by Europeans or Americans, one can speak with more confidence. Certain selected portions of Li's army (for the effective Chinese force is really Li's rather than a national army) contain some splendid material. The men are healthy, well fed, well paid, and their capacity to stand fire has been tested, for some of them met the Japanese riflemen face to face in Seoul in 1884. Indeed, the experience of Ward, Gordon, Li, and the "Ever-Victorious Army" in the Tai-Ping rebellion shows that the Chinaman, when well officered and led, is an entirely different being than when a loose unit in a horde. Furthermore, and the Japanese must consider this, the Chinese are of tougher fibre than the islander, heavier, and taller, and probably can stand defeat better. Being more stolid and less excitable, the Chinese soldiers probably expect less, and are not so easily disappointed or disheartened. Furthermore, that small part of China incarnated in Li and a few of his trusted assistants has gained experience. These men have not burned their fingers for nothing. If the story of their first unfortunate contracts of millions of taels sunk in buildings, antiquated war-ships, and discarded or condemned fire-arms and artillery were told in full, it would be as pathetic as ludicrous. Unfortunately, too, the time-honored spoils system of China, which prevails in spite of competitive examinations, has been too often responsible for the dismissal of foreign instructors, officers, and engineers when most valuable. Nevertheless, there are scores of earnest Chinese mandarins who really have some idea of patriotism, who profit by past experience, and are determined both to take good advice and act upon it. Such men as Admiral Lang, General von Hanneken, Prosper Giquel, and Dr. MacCartney have been of unspeakable value to China in giving her what preparation she has for the present emergency.

The people of Japan who since 1868 have deliberately turned their faces away from China toward Europe now meet in the shock of arms those who think them traitors.



ALL READY FOR KOREA—A MODERN CHINESE BATTERY.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"A HOSTAGE TO FORTUNE."

LYING awake next morning after a night of troubled dreams, it flashed upon him that he ought scarcely to go and see Miss Coble again upon the mere impulsive invitation given on the door-step without her father's knowledge. He was angry with himself for having so curiously let himself drift away from the very purpose of his visit. He concluded he had best call on old Coble again at the store, and walked thither with hangdog mien, unable even now to shake off the jail. Old Coble was sorting out a bale of sponge into three baskets—one for bests, one for seconds, and one for thirds.

"Hello, young man!" he roared. Matt felt a momentary trepidation before he remembered that the old man meant his tones to be inviting. He crunched his way towards the mountain over the gritty débris, sniffing in the pungent aroma of the place. The old giant straightened himself, brushed the sand off each hand with the other, and running his fingers through his white beard by way of combing that, held out his hairy paw to Matt. He gripped the young man's long fingers heartily, then waved him to a seat on an empty inverted sponge-box.

"I hope I'm not interrupting you," said Matt.

"Not at all," said Coble, in angry accents.

There was a pause.

"I made a fool of myself last night," Matt commenced, abruptly.

Coble looked down inquiringly at him.

"I didn't say one word to your daughter about the Frenchman," he continued, ruefully.

The mountain shook with explosive laughter.

"Ho, I suppose you were too taken up saying 'em about yourself."

Matt reddened uncomfortably, but was silent.

"The gal seems to know a powerful deal about you, anyway," said old Coble, with a Homeric chuckle.

"We had to talk about something," Matt explained, apologetically.

"Well, Rosie doesn't 'pear to want to talk about anything else, that's a fact. I reckon she was glad enough not to be reminded of the snivellin' Frenchy."

"Oh, but I've got to tell her," the young man urged, uneasily.

"Oh yes, she knows you've got to tell her. You're coming to-night, aren't you?"

"I thought of it," Matt stammered, taken aback, "if I might?"

"Ho, you don't be afraid of us; we don't bite. We ain't sharks." He spat out. "This gritty atmosphere makes one powerful dry."

Matt had an instant of intense mental conflict, impecuniosity contending with his instinct of what was due to the situation and Coble's past hospitalities.

"Will you liquor with me?" he said.

"I was just about to ask you that," and the mountain stamped his foot three times.

The moment the two glasses were set on the counter of the little secret bar, Matt threw down a ringing dollar with careless magnificence. Coble put his paw on it and pushed it back to him, throwing down a rival dollar. There was a playful scuffle of shoving fingers, accompanied by expostulatory murmurs. Then Matt, rejoicing in defeat, resignedly pocketed his vanquished piece.

"What do you make out of that there painting business?" suddenly asked Coble, as he set down his half-emptied glass and lounged reposefully against the counter.

Matt took another sip of whiskey. "Oh, there are ups and downs," he said.

"Well, what's the uppiest up?"

"It depends," said Matt, vaguely. "If I could succeed in London, there's no end to the money I might make. It isn't unusual to get three or four thousand dollars for a picture."

"Three or four thousand dollars!" roared the Titan. "Where do you think I was raised?"

"Why, my uncle in London has often paid five thousand dollars for a picture. Yes, and even ten, though that's usually after the painter's dead."

"Then why don't you go to London?"

"I can't afford it," said Matt, frankly. "I've been there, but it's a great job to get on without money, so I had to come back."

"But couldn't your uncle buy your pictures?"

"They weren't good enough yet," Matt explained, anxious to defend the family honor. "I want to study a lot more yet."

"Nonsense. What do you want to study for? Why, that there shark of yours licks creation."

Matt shook his head. "I've got to go to Paris," he said, "and to Italy, and see all the great pictures. That's the only way a man can learn after a certain point." He added, proudly, "My cousin was sent to Paris by the Royal Academy of London. He won the Gold Medal."

"Why doesn't your uncle send you there, then? He 'pears to have made his pile."

Matt had to take another sip of whiskey before he could reply. "He knows I wouldn't take anything from anybody."

"Don't be a goney. *I* began life with high notions. These 'ere sponges you saw me sortin' out just now—they're Florida cup-grasses, but the fine-shaped ones in the first basket are going to be Levantine sponges soon as they are bleached with permanganate. Time was when I'd 'a thought that dishonest; now I see it's only the outsides o' things that the world wants. When you're a boss painter nobody 'll ask who bleached you."

"I hope I can get on without bleaching," Matt retorted.

"Ho, don't get mad! I don't mean to insinuate you're not genu*ine*. But the world ain't a soft place to get on in. They don't bath you with rose-water and Turkey firsts. I kinder fancy," he added, with a roguish twinkle, "you must have found that out of late. Now, what you want, Mr. Strang, is to marry a purty, level-headed, healthy gal, with two or three thousand dollars to tide over the time till you can make your five thousand a pictur."

Matt shot a startled glance at Coble's beaming face. What he read there supplemented the sensational suggestion of the Titan's words. A nervous thrill ran through all his body. The thought was like a lightning flash, at once swift, dazzling, and terrifying. But without waiting to analyze his state of mind, he felt immediately that there was one thing which at the outset rendered the idea impossible. Honesty required that he should instantly put a stop to the parent's overtures by informing him that he was a dishonored man—that he had been in prison. But still he shrank from self-exposure. The union was so impossible that it seemed superfluous to humiliate himself.

"Maybe," he replied. "But five thousand's only the uppiest up, as you call it. If I didn't get there, I might be thought a humbug."

"Oh! any smart man who saw that shark would take the risk of that; and, even if you didn't get to the uppiest up, there'd be no fear of your coming down again to the downiest down."

Matt turned his eyes away, and his fingers tattooed nervously on the stem of his glass.

"That Frenchy friend of yours, now, he had the sense and the sarse to want my gal, but, of course, no proper parent would trust his daughter to a man like that. So there he lays in the downiest down—good name for jail, eh? Ho! ho!"

Matt wished his companion could moderate his accents; he did not relish this thunderous talk of jail.

"Well, I must be going now," he said.

"I'm with you; I'm with you," genially responded Coble, sauntering after him into the sunny street. "You just think that pointer o' mine over; it lets you keep your independence, and your high notions, and you ain't indebted to anybody. All you've got to do is to find a purty gal with money, and a sensible father that don't think wuss of a young man because he's been in the downiest down."

"You know?" Matt faltered. He came to a halt.

"Of course I know. Wasn't it in the paper?"

"But I did paint the portrait of the jailer," he protested, his cheeks fiery.

"I knew you'd been in choky all the same." Coble clapped his paw on the last button of his waistcoat. "A stomach that size wasn't born yesterday. But I've kept it from Rosie; she don't understand business, nor how credit's a fair wind to-day and to-morrow a tornado tearin' around and layin' everything low. You find a good father," pursued Coble, in accents as impersonal as they were angry, so that Matt fancied he had mistaken the Titan's import, "and convince him your folks are respectable, and there's no wife foolin' around in London or New York city, and," here he resumed his walk, "if he don't jump at you—I'll—waal, I'm blamed if I don't give you my own daughter. There!"

What he would have replied to this wager Matt never knew, for, with a sudden cry of "Thunderation! the shark's stolen," the mountain bounded forward with incredible alacrity and dashed into the store.

But it was his own child who was the temporary thief. Matt, following Mr. Coble back into the store to see if his picture had been really paid the compliment of appropriation, found father and daughter bending admiringly over it as it stood on the counter, propped up against some large coarse grass-sponges. His heart beat faster with surprise and excitement.

"Hullo! You here?" said Rosina, raising a face that seemed radiant amid the dull browns and grays of the store.

"I didn't know you would be here," he answered, awkwardly, not knowing what to reply.

"Why, didn't I tell you yesterday I was coming?"

She looked roguishly at him from beneath the broad brim of her flower-wreathed hat, whose narrow black velvet strings were tied coquettishly under her left ear.

"So you did. I forgot," he said.

"You seem to forget everything," she responded, pertly.

"Yes, he's lost his head altogether," roared old Coble.

"Thank you for reminding me," said Matt, eagerly. "Now you are here I can tell you what the Frenchman says."

"Bother the Frenchman," said Miss Coble, pouting.

"Yes, but he's languishing in prison this fine bright day—"

"Mr. Strang painted the jailer's portrait. That's how he met the rogue," old Coble interrupted.

"And he often cries," went on Matt.

Miss Coble laughed.

"Gracious, you make me feel like a princess, keeping men in dungeons."

"Well, that's how you ought to feel," said Matt.

"Then I guess I'll take the privilege of a princess," said Miss Coble. "I'll let him out on my wedding morn."

Coble roared with laughter. "There, that's a fair offer for you, my boy."

Matt felt very embarrassed, but he ventured to hope, "for the poor devil's sake," that Miss Coble would get married soon.

"I hope not," said Coble, to Matt's relief. "You're forgettin' *this* poor devil. What am I to do without my Rosie?"

"Oh, you'll get along all right," said Miss Coble, with a playful tug at his drooping white beard. "You can send for Aunt Clara."

"I wish you'd be serious about the poor man in the prison," Matt pleaded.

"I am serious," Miss Coble insisted, indignantly.

"Oh yes, she's serious," interposed the parent. "She's solid, is Rosie. You can't squeeze her like this 'ere sponge. 'Pears to me the only way to help your man is to hurry on the marriage."

The advent of a customer here removed him, chuckling, from the conversation; and while he was talking angrily to the new-comer, Matt, who had been itching to slip away, found himself compelled to linger on and entertain the young lady, a task which he ended by finding pleasant enough. When she at last said she must go about her marketing, he even asked if there was anything he could carry for her.

"Gracious, no! We get the things sent. But you can walk along, if you have nothing better to do."

So Matt threaded his way with her among the busy stores, feeling her a part of the sunny freshness of the day, to which he was now alive again; and walking with head erect, for he felt himself rehabilitated by the companionship of so genteel a member of society. He was amused by the keen bargains she drove, and acquired a new interest in the price of beef. But she would only let him see her part of the way home, though she told him papa expected him to join their evening meal.

"He's taken quite a fancy to you," she said. "I don't know why, I'm sure."

"I don't know why, either," said Matt, simply.

"Perhaps that's why," Miss Coble answered, enigmatically.

Then she lent him her gloved fingers for a moment, and gave him a pleasant smile and tripped away, and he went back and down to the water-side, and lounged about aimlessly in the sun, sky and sea and shipping, and the glimpses of hill and forest across the harbor, and the white sea-gulls and the bronzed Scandinavian sailors, thrilling him with the old sense of the beauty and romance of life. But the open air gave him an appetite too, and the appetite brought him back to the sordidness of things, to his nigh bare pockets and the insistent sphinx of his future. He laid out a few cents to stave off hunger till evening should bring better fare at Coble's; then, in the stronger mood induced by even this minimum of nutriment, a tiresome inner voice began asking by what right he meditated sponging upon strangers. He had no longer the excuse of the Frenchman. He had heard Miss Coble's ultimatum on that matter. And the tiresome voice persisted in dragging up other troublesome thoughts from the depths of consciousness. As he walked about the lively quays it kept repeating Mr. Coble's observations, though less loudly. Despite some dubious remarks, despite the *a priori* improbability and unexpectedness of the whole thing, was it possible for Matt to doubt that the old man would be willing to give him his daughter? With whatever timidity he shrank from facing the possibility, wilfully closing his eyes as before a great glare, he could not but feel that Coble's idea was both rash and generous. Of course his future would justify the old man's trust and repay it a hundredfold, but such confidence was none the less touching. Coble did not know—the sun and sea had made the young man drunk again—that he was entertaining a genius. And Miss Coble, too, how kind of her to be so nice to a penniless young man! Her pleasant smiles had been medicinal sunshine to his despairing apathy. If he had not met the Cobles, what would have become of him? But was the girl quite of her father's mind towards him? Her attitude was certainly not repellent. He allowed himself to dally undisguisedly with the idea, and it made him giddy. The hope of Art flamed again so fiercely that he wondered how it could have lain smouldering so long in his bosom. He was like a pedestrian toiling foot-sore and heart-broken towards a great light that shone celestially on the verge of the horizon; for years he had followed the sacred gleam, over lonely deserts and waste places, with hunger and thirst and pain; and now, as with bleeding feet that could drag along no longer, he was fain to drop down on the way-side, lo! a sound of wheels and a sudden carriage at his side, and he had but to step in to be driven luxuriously to the long-tantalizing goal.

And in this fairy carriage, moreover, sat a pretty maiden, on whose ripe breast he could pillow his tired head, and in whose arms he could find consolation for the blank years. Oh! it was bewildering, dazzling, intoxicating. But did he love the maiden of this enchanting vision? Well, what was love? It would certainly be sweet to hold her warm hand in his, to see her blue eyes soften with tenderness as they gazed into his own. It was long since a woman had kissed him—such weary, crawling, barren years. Were not all women equally lovable for their sex? In the delicious sunshine that danced in a myriad gleams on the green waters and made the air like wine lurked a subtle appeal to his mere manhood. In the novels and poems he had read love was glorified and woman was a spirit; in his own soul lay divine conceptions of womanhood that inspired his art and sanctified his dreams, and had purified him afresh after the touch of pitch: a womanhood whose bodily incarnation—imagined now in this gracious shape, now in that—was the outer symbol of an inner loveliness of thought and emotion. But he had not met this ideal womanhood; nor did he even expect to meet it in the crude common day. It belonged to that world of imagination in which his true life had been lived, in which he had always taken refuge from the real. He had scarcely known before a girl so refined as Miss Coble, unless, perhaps, it was the adolescent Ruth Hailey, whose shy stateliness had made her so alien from the little girl he vaguely remembered taking for a sweetheart in those days of childish mimicry when one drives broomsticks for horses. Why should he not marry this pleasant, plump young woman if she would condescend to him? Though her position was so much better than his, he did not feel her too remote from him for comfortable companionship, especially as she would never know that he had been in jail. If he did not love her, in the vague transcendental sense, at least he did not love any other woman, and was never likely to. He was not as other men; his life was not in their world; it was centred on art, it was occupied with visions, its goal was not happiness or a home. But if these offered themselves to him by the way, even while they made his real goal possible, it were mere insane self-martyrdom to refuse them. A wife would save him from his lower self, and in his moments of artistic despair she would always be there to comfort and console. Nay—and he smiled at the consideration—even in his moments of artistic achievement she could be there as a model. Models ran away with a great deal of money, and for an artist a wife was really an economy. And if in his artistic aspiration she could have no share, neither could any one else, woman or man. It was a holy of holies, in which he must ever be the sole priest, and in this holy of holies ideal womanhood could still have its place as before.

Three thousand dollars down! He could pay off the storekeeper and cleanse away the prison stain. He could send Madam Strang her little balance, and, best of all—and the thought moved him almost to tears—his poor brothers and sisters would henceforth be certain of their allowance. For himself the prospects were equally tempting—a honeymoon in Europe, in the cities of romantic dream, amid the masterpieces of art. And then, when, after a couple of years of study and work, his own masterpiece should be completed, a settled income of eight hundred dollars—bread and cheese always sure, putting him for life beyond the vulgar necessity of pandering to the market, rescuing him from that sordid internal conflict which embittered even when it failed to degrade. Oh! the rapture of a life so consecrated to art!

But would Miss Coble or her parent consent to this expenditure of the money? Of course it would all have to be distinctly understood ere he could agree to marry the girl. He flushed, finding how mercenary motive predominated in his reverie. Mr. Coble had indeed hinted acquiescence in some such scheme. But an instinct kept the young man from concluding to acquiesce in it himself. A vague shame and repugnance struggled with his sense of the advantages of the match, waxing so strong in the reaction that followed the glow of temptation that he determined not to go to the Cobles that evening. This visit, he felt, would be fatal.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1950.

He went home to his little room in the central slums determined not to stir out. He had meant to go to bed, broad day though it was, and sleep away the temptation. But he only threw himself upon the pallet, in his clothes, and was more conscious of hunger than of the heaviness necessary for sleep. He tried to divert his mind from Miss Coble's dowry by alternative projects for continuing his life, but they served only to show the length of the bleak, arid, solitary road that lay before his weary feet if he let the carriage go by! Money! money! money! What had he not suffered from the struggle for it? Degrading to live on another person's money? It was life without money that was degrading, humiliating, full of petty considerations, consumed in irrelevant labors. In the novels which made such a fuss about love-troubles the fine-sounding sorrows seemed to him infinitely smaller than the carks and worries of prosaic existence.

He dozed a little and dreamt of his mother. He was back in childhood, standing with bare feet in an icy passage, and she was screaming at Harriet for refusing to marry Mr. Coble. He went through all the old agony of these frequent domestic tragedies. But he did not feel cold, only hungry, and breakfast was being delayed by the squabble. He heard Daisy, equally aggrieved, lowing in the barn. In the face of the advantages of the Coble marriage it did seem unreasonable of Harriet to stick to Bully Preep, who would probably beat her. He awoke with a sensation of relief, which was instantly exchanged for a new worry. Ought he to tell the Cobles about his mother, supposing he really thought of—? But no; he did not think of—! And, in any case, there was no use in raking up unpleasant matters. He had not inherited her dementia; it was not in her blood; it had grown up gradually from the sad, narrow circumstances of her lot; it was his father that he took after. He was not mad; he was more likely to go mad if he continued his terrible solitary struggle. Unless, indeed—and here came a sudden vision of a scene that had lain forgotten for long years—unless, indeed, Mad Peggy had been right! Mad Matt! Oh no, it was madness to attach any meaning to the Water-Drinker's words. Never had he felt so sane. He got up and looked into the dusty glass on the washstand. That was not the face of a madman. She had prophesied he would never be happy—never, never! He would thirst and thirst for happiness, but never would he quench his thirst. Ah, the crazy creature was right there, anyhow. He watched with curious interest the tears rolling down the face in the mirror. Well, be it so! He was strong; he could dispense with happiness. He would not go to the Cobles that evening. To-morrow he would leave Halifax, and join his folks in Cobequid at last. They would all live out their lives together—poor victims of a common destiny. He would work on the farm; he would rent more land; he would make it pay. His uncle had been right all along. Why had he not taken his advice, and remained at Cattermole's Farm? Ah! well, his dream of art was over now. He was getting on in years, the energy had been buffeted out of him. One could not always be young and ambitious. He would never be famous now, he would toil obscurely like his brothers and sisters, and his bones would lie with theirs in the little lonesome church-yard among the pines. It did not matter; nothing mattered. Death would shovel them all away soon enough.

He lay down on the bed again; the afternoon waned into evening; the shadows gathered, shrouding the walls with mystery. He grew faint with hunger; in the dusk there opened out a picture of a lamplit room with a snowy cloth on its round table, and a plump figure with soft blue eyes presiding over the savory dishes.

The vision drew him. He rose, washed himself carefully, and went out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MEETING OF SCIENTISTS IN BROOKLYN.

SELDOM if ever have so many persons interested in scientific subjects congregated near New York as have met this week in Brooklyn. The occasion is primarily the forty-third annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. This Association has a membership of more than two thousand, including all the leading scientists of the country. But no fewer than nine other societies that deal with special departments of science have timed their annual meetings this year for this same week and the same place. These are the Geographical Society of America, the Society for Promotion of Agricultural Science, the Association of Economic Entomologists, the Association of State Weather Service, the Society for Promoting Engineering Education, the American Microscopical Society, the American Chemical Society, the American Forestry Association, and the American Mathematical Society. The American Association for the Advancement of Science (commonly designated the A. A. A. S., in the interest of time saving) is divided, for working purposes, into nine sections, as follows: Mathematics and Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Mechanical Science and Engineering, Geology and Geography, Zoology, Botany, Anthropology, and Economic Science and Statistics.

The point of rendezvous for these armies of scientific workers will be the Polytechnic Institute, Livingston Street, but as this building does not afford room for the numerous simultaneous meetings of different societies and sections, the neighboring buildings of the Packer Institute, the Art Association, and the Long Island Historical Society will also be utilized. The evening addresses and receptions and the closing session will be held in the Academy of Music and Art Building, Montague Street.

In the course of an address delivered before the A. A. A. S. two years ago the then president, Professor Joseph LeConte, remarked that he had lived in a world of thought rather than in a world of men. The same thing might be said of a large number of the veteran delvers in the realm of science who are gathered in Brooklyn this week. In that world of thought, out of which they emerge for the moment, this annual gathering is an event of momentous importance. And inasmuch as the world of thought is constantly sending out announcements that mould the world of men, the meeting of the thinkers is an event of importance to all of us. Its importance is not due primarily to the able papers that will be read or the discoveries announced, though many a delver will lay the results of years of laborious investigation before the assembly. Such tangible announcements are interesting and important. But of far greater value is the intangible spirit of good-fellowship that prevails at such a meeting—the atmosphere of scholarship, of sympathy with every earnest effort to add to the world's store of knowledge. Every worker goes back to his own isolated field of labor—back to his world of thought—carrying a stock of inspiration that will stand him in hand for months to come.

Nor is the benefit confined to the scientific workers themselves. The best thing about their meeting is that it is open to the general public. Any one who wishes may come, without introduction or ticket of admission. Many of the addresses and papers have been prepared with special reference to untechnical listeners. The entire range of scientific thought is touched upon in one section or another, and it would be a very narrow-minded person indeed who could not find something to interest him in so varied a programme.

Brooklyn has given the Association a worthy reception. At the head of the local Committee of Arrangements is Mayor Schieren. Several hundred representative citizens make up the general citizen's committee, and some scores of well-known ladies form a reception committee. There have been various receptions and general entertainments and free excursions for members of the Association to Long Branch, to West Point, and up the Sound. The Brooklyn Post-office established a branch during the meeting in the Polytechnic building, and a telephone-room, with free city service, has also been provided. In a word, Brooklyn evidently realizes that in honoring the men of science she honors herself, and she is acting well the part of hostess.

It is unfortunate that these notable meetings occur at a season when so many residents of the companion cities are in the country, for to any person who takes the slightest interest in any line of scientific study it would be an inestimable privilege to attend the sessions of the American Association.

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail to sufferers.—[*Adv.*]

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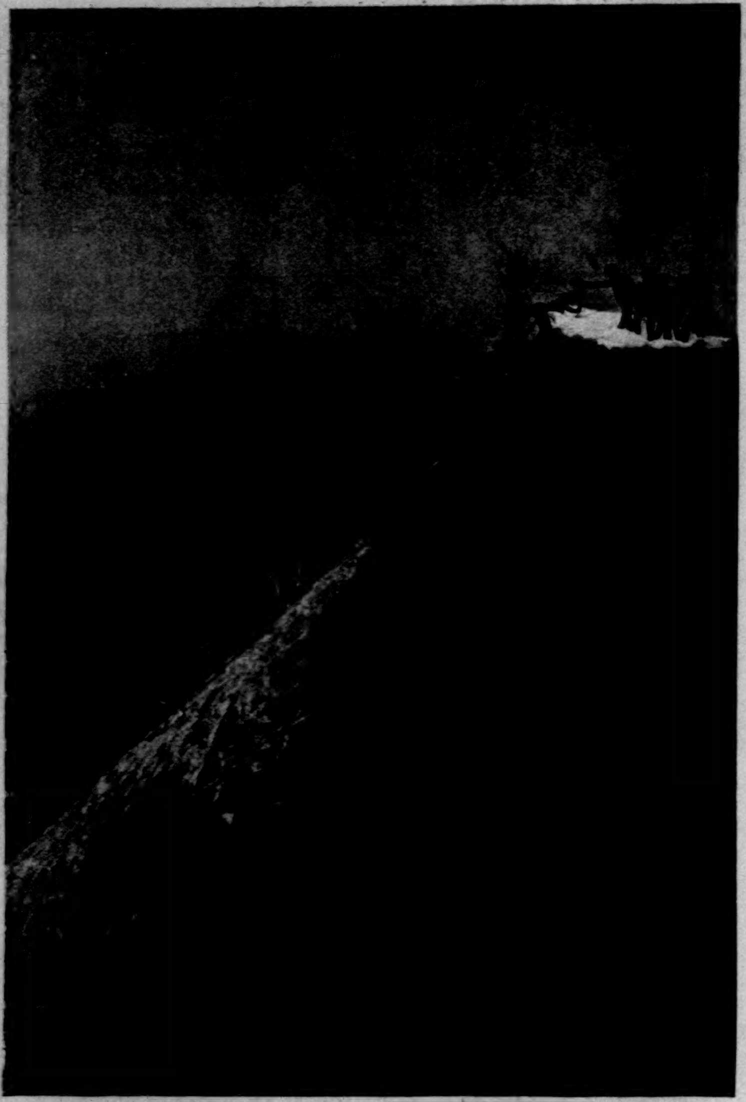


CLOUD CAP MOUNTAIN—PARTY REACHING SUMMIT FROM NORTH SIDE.

CRATER ROCK AND BACKBONE, FROM THE SUMMIT, LOOKING SOUTH.

THE SUMMIT, LOOKING EAST.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT HOOD BY THE MAZAMA MOUNTAIN CLUB.—[See Page 802.]

THE "VIGILANT"-"BRITANNIA" RACES.

FROM A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER'S POINT OF VIEW.

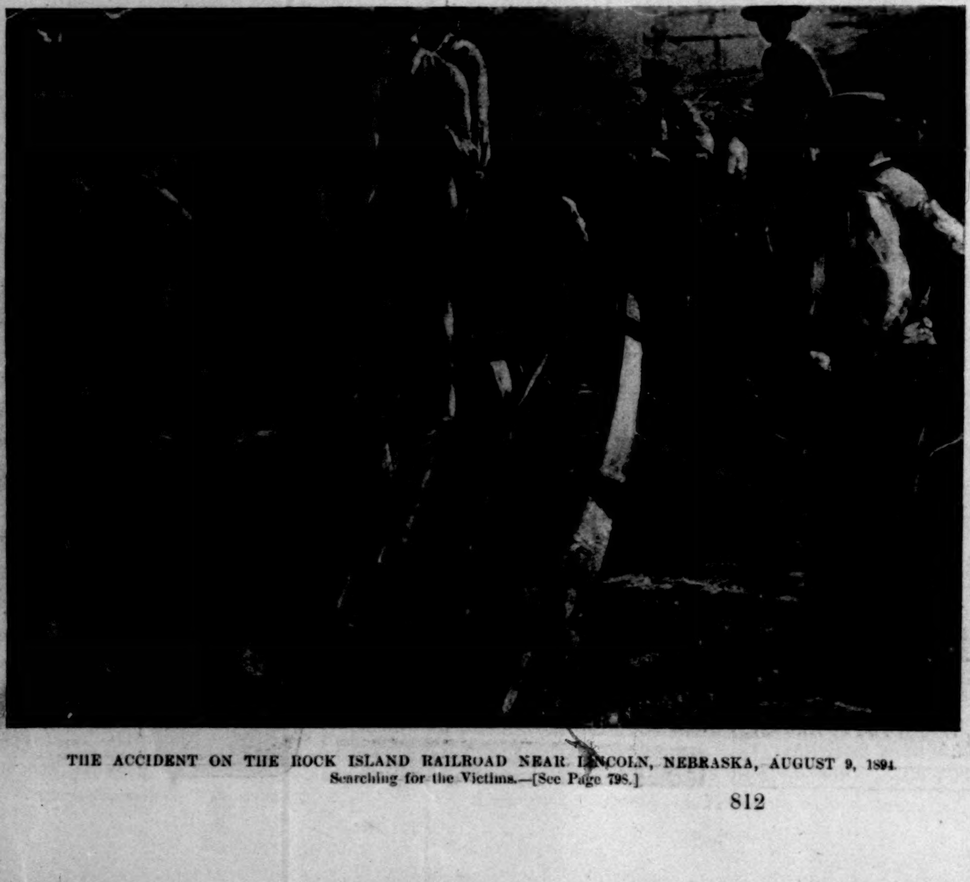
In the two races in which *Vigilant* was engaged at the Royal Cork and Penzance regattas two points of sailing were brought to the fore for observation, viz., her behavior on the one occasion in a strong breeze and fairly smooth water, and on the other in a steady light wind and smooth water, with just the suspicion of a ground-swell. Under the Royal Cork flag the yacht showed out to greater advantage than she had done before, and the splendid piece of sailing she made when struck by heavy squalls both in the first and third rounds on the reach out to Poorhead was an eye-opener to only too many who have as yet not believed in her. In the first round *Vigilant* simply weathered on and passed *Britannia* before she had even time to collect her thoughts and try a luff. This on a reach, too! The only time during the whole race that luck came in *Vigilant's* way (if it may be called so) was on the beat to Roche's Point on the same round, when the wind freed a little, and allowed her to fetch round the mark-boat without having to make a board, which *Britannia* was compelled to do. There was little or no difference between their times in stays during the race, and *Vigilant* worked and got away quite as quickly as *Britannia* each time she went about.

In the second round it looked as if *Britannia* would have done better to have kept on the port tack the whole time in the run to the light-ship, as *Vigilant* did, for she lost time in shifting over, and gained no material benefit, while on the same journey in the third round she got her spinnaker gear in an awful mess, at a time, too, when it did her no good. The breeze, which had been steadily increasing during the afternoon, on the last round was a good 6 in force, with an extra sting in it in the squalls which came off the land, and though both yachts carried their topsails, I question whether in the third round they would not have accomplished the distance at a greater speed had the topsails been stowed away in the sail locker.

Throughout the race *Vigilant's* crew showed a marked improvement in the working of their ship on what they had done on the Clyde, and this was made most conspicuous in the last round, when the iron-work on the gaff connecting the jaws gave out, by the smart way in which a lashing was cast round and the wound doctored up so as to be able to carry on to the end of the race. Those who knew what disaster to the jaws of a gaff means must have noted this piece of seamanship, and buttoned it up in their pockets to take home and digest. But for that accident the winning time at the end would have been far over the 4 min. 35 sec., as the mainsail set badly in the beat up the river.

At Penzance that which most of the experts over here have been longing for came off at last. The race was sailed under a light steady breeze of about force 3. There were no calms, and it was a very fair test for both yachts of what they can do under the circumstances. Though the yachts started on even terms, *Vigilant* just overlapping *Britannia's* weather-quarter, still from start to finish only once did *Vigilant* seem to travel faster than the Britisher, and that was in the run home on the first round, when she gained 27 seconds. *Vigilant*, it must be confessed, was in no form whatever, when one remembers what she was like in her own waters last year. She was slow and sluggish in her movement throughout, let alone when in stays, and there was an entire absence of life or spring. Certainly both yachts at one time in the reach on the first round worked up to a ten-knot speed, but their methods were different. I believe one, if not the chief, reason of *Vigilant's* sailing so dead is that she is sailing on too deep a water-line. Her form appears perfect for entering or leaving the water, and to look at her either afloat or in dock it is impossible not to remark that "there is nothing to stop her travelling." It appears to me that she would sail with far more life if she were made to sail on a lighter and shorter water-line. She looks, when under way, to be suffering from a weight she was not designed to carry or drag about with her. Very likely it may be from the effects of the extra weight of the strengthening stanchions, strakes, etc., that have been put into her, which would, to say nothing of the binding up they must give her, raise quite sufficient cause for her invariable sluggishness and general want of life in light winds; or maybe she is carrying extra ballast over here. Captain Haff very wisely had some lead taken out of her at Greenock. He would do well to take out more. She may be tender in hard winds, but hard winds are not the rule, and in the general weather we have over here she would move more after her old form, with far more life, and, what is also to be desired, have a decreased rating. Her mainsail has been cut. If her mainsail had been left alone, and her topmast and topsail reduced, it would have been more to the point, since it is better to sail with a whole mainsail alone than with a reduced mainsail, and topsail above it. Neither yacht as yet has had to house her topmast or sail without a topsail up, so that Captain Haff has had no call up to the present to make him imagine his mainsail is too large. To decrease her rating, let her rather be lifted out of water a few inches, and her top hamper reduced. After a yacht has been designed to a certain water-line, especially after she has proved herself a success, it is a dangerous matter to meddle with either her sail plan or her internal economy, since extra sail cannot be given without extra weight in the shape of spars, and I certainly think that though *Valkyrie* could carry more sail than she did last year in America, the weight of the extra length of spars would alter her trim by increasing her draught—a matter by no means to be overlooked—and creating a drag and sluggishness. This year she has been sailing with an increased area of sail, but as far as it was possible to judge

(*Continued on page 815.*)



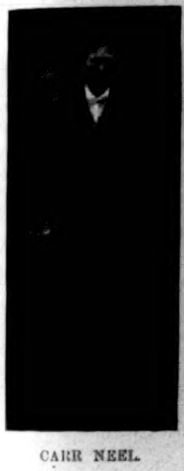
THE ACCIDENT ON THE ROCK ISLAND RAILROAD NEAR LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, AUGUST 9, 1894.
Searching for the Victims.—[See Page 798.]

AMATEUR SPORT

OF THE SEVENTY-FIVE MEN, more or less, that will begin play at Newport August 21st in the National Singles Championship, five only may be considered as at all likely to include the winner of the All-Comers Cup, and these are, Clarence Hobart, F. M. Hovey, Malcolm Chace, W. A. Larned, and M. F. Goodbody.

I am aware that among the great majority thus ignored are Stevens, E. L. and V. G. Hall, Budlong, Foote, Howland, Parker, Millett, and Neel, but if any one of these reaches the fifth round he may consider his skill to have just about been measured by his progress, though Neel, the Western man, is somewhat of an uncertainty. He is the Western champion, and has beaten S. T. Chase, but the latter has long since ceased to be regarded as a possibility at Newport, and was defeated in straight sets last year by Wrenn in the semi-finals, which Chase had reached by great good luck in drawing, and, it must be acknowledged, better tennis than it was believed he retained. Still, the chances are that Neel would have all he could do to win from either of the Halls, Stevens, Budlong, Parker, or Foote.

Stevens must be considered altogether out of the running for even the semi-finals—all things being equal—since his never-varying back-court game can only be regarded nowadays in the light of antique. He is clearly outclassed by Wrenn, Hobart, Hovey, Larned, Chace, and Goodbody. Neither of the Halls has played very much this season, V. G. because of business demands, and E. L. from being abroad on a recuperative tour. What little tennis the latter has played averaged what might be expected, and a grade much below that shown two years ago, while V. G. has maintained about the same game he has exhibited for the past three years.



CARR NEEL.

M. F. GOODBODY.

Although Budlong has shown considerable improvement this year, he has not yet attained a consistency of form that would warrant serious consideration of his chances beyond the fourth round at Newport. He has some strong and cleverly executed strokes, and usually plays good tennis, except when he meets Chace, who seems to terrorize him; but his play is too apt to be streaky, and the bright streaks are not brilliant enough to offset the poor ones. He and Stevens and Foote and Parker would invariably make close exciting tennis, no matter which two were drawn together. If it so happens at Newport that they meet, their match will tend to enliven the first rounds, which too often are excessively dull.

Of this set of players Parker appears to be ending the season with greatest promise, next to Budlong, notwithstanding he has been beaten by Foote. He did some particularly good work, that was frequently brilliant, at Bar Harbor in the Mossley Hall tournament, defeating V. G. Hall, and finally winning the tournament by beating F. K. Ward, the Canadian champion. This match also gave Parker the cup, as Wrenn—holder—being tied for first place in the Norwood Park Casino tournament, was sportsman enough to remain in New Jersey and play out his match, instead of going to Maine to capture a cup from a player he was certain to defeat. I cite this bit of sportsmanship for the benefit of those players we see each year galloping from one State to another on mug-hunting expeditions. It does us good when we see the sportsman showing in a boy; it gives hope for the future. If only all clubs could be persuaded to reduce the value of prizes, how quickly would the mug-hunters stand revealed!

Foote started the season with a great flourish by defeating both Wrenn and Hobart, but in both cases his opponents were very much off their form. His defeats of Parker were the more to his credit; he showed poorly at the Essex tournament, and seems to have been unable to regain the form he displayed in the early summer. It is to be hoped these four men may be paired off in the drawings at Newport, as it would lead to some exceedingly good play.

John Howland, who was ranked tenth last year, has at no time equalled his form of '93. He has not beaten any one of the men included in this table, and cannot be considered at all in the reckoning. Unless he makes a sudden and pronounced brace, he could not get beyond a match with Millett, Foote, or Parker at Newport.

F. M. HOVEY.

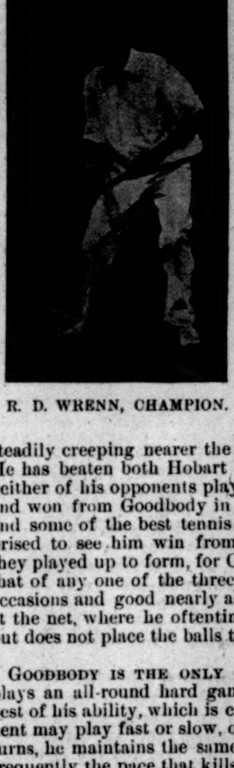
THE BEACH AT CROTON POINT.

FROM LARNED, HOBART, HOVEY, CHACE, AND GOODBODY it is very difficult to pick the winner of the All-Comers, for the very good reason that the first three are so uncertain that one cannot count upon their play with any degree of certainty. If, however, all five should happen to be in top form at Newport, I should expect to see them rank in the order given above. Larned began the season most auspiciously, and performed brilliantly up to the Norwood Park Casino tournament, when he fell into one of those poor streaks of play that lost him a match to Chace (in which both played poor tennis) and another to Goodbody. The cardinal weakness in Larned's tennis has always been the likelihood of his falling into one of these streaks at some time during a hard match, and beating himself by driving balls into the net and out of the court. Until he played at Norwood these streaks had been seen rarely this season, while, on the other hand, his naturally strong game has been developed into one of remarkable skill. His placing is remarkably good both in accuracy and in range; he puts a great pace on to the ball, wonderfully so on his back-hand strokes; his fore-hand is sharp and very hard to volley; while his net-work is not equalled by that of any other player outside of Wrenn. If he should play at Newport in the form he displayed at Longwood, he ought to win the All-Comers.

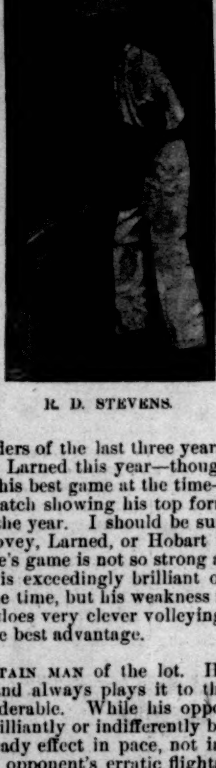
At his best Hobart's game is not such an effective one as Larned's, but he is a more consistent performer, and for that reason defeated Larned last year. Whenever Hobart has displayed weakness it has been physical rather than from any erratic play, and for this reason alone it is hard to say where he will come out in the Newport tournament. His strokes are hard and most effective at critical moments, and he almost invariably plays good tennis. If he has the physical strength to get through the tournament it seems as though he should win from Hovey, and certainly from Larned if the latter gets one of those fatal "streaks." He has played very little in tournaments this year—only two, in fact, of importance.

Hovey's game is of the Larned order, without such accuracy in placing. He has usually depended on brilliant volleying at the net, including terrific smashing, for his most effective work, but this year he seems to have abandoned a great deal of the smashing, and it has not added to the severity of his game. He, like Larned, also is subject to periods of indifferent work, and in one of these he met defeat by Budlong. He has not played in as many tournaments as usual, and consequently must miss the tuning up which his game, more than any other player's, requires.

Chace's play is more to be counted on than that of any of the other three, though he also has moments of retrogression. His work this season shows improvement, and he has been steadily creeping nearer the leaders of the last three years. He has beaten both Hobart and Larned this year—though neither of his opponents played his best game at the time—and won from Goodbody in a match showing his top form and some of the best tennis of the year. I should be surprised to see him win from Hovey, Larned, or Hobart if they played up to form, for Chace's game is not so strong as that of any one of the three; it is exceedingly brilliant on occasions and good nearly all the time, but his weakness is at the net, where he oftentimes does very clever volleying, but does not place the balls to the best advantage.



R. D. WRENN, CHAMPION.



R. D. STEVENS.

GOODBODY IS THE ONLY CERTAIN MAN of the lot. He plays an all-round hard game, and always plays it to the best of his ability, which is considerable. While his opponent may play fast or slow, or brilliantly or indifferently by turns, he maintains the same steady effect in pace, not infrequently the pace that kills his opponent's erratic flights. He gets to the net, and places balls while there unerringly, and he lobs with the best judgment of any of our players.

However, his game is not smart enough to win from that of Hovey, Larned, or Hobart, and it would be an exceedingly close match with Chace, provided his opponents all played at top form. Should any one of them, however, reach one of those indifferent periods while playing, the Irishman's chances of winning would be of the best. Thus the situation is a most uncertain one, depending really more on disposition of the players than skill at the game. Any one of three may win it; but if the men play in form, they ought to finish, Larned, Hobart, Hovey, Chace, Goodbody, though of course the drawing may disarrange matters considerably.

Whoever wins the All-Comers will not, I believe, succeed in wresting the championship from R. D. Wrenn, holder. Wrenn began the season much handicapped by pursuing a summer course at Harvard, and by an injured foot. He appeared only a few times in tournaments, and exhibited very poor form until he won the Norwood Park Cup, where he gave unmistakable evidence of a return to the old skill. He is cleverer at the net than any of the others, and though his side-line placing is not so accurate or brilliant as Larned's, nor his lobbing so certain as Goodbody's, his all-round game is better, and, above all, he never knows when he is beaten.

CLARENCE HOBART.

W. A. LARNED.

This table covers the season's tournaments in which these players have met:

Matches Won.	Matches Lost.										
	Wrenn.	Hobart.	Hovey.	Chace.	Larned.	Stevens.	Foote.	Budlong.	Goodbody.	Parker.	Millett.
R. D. Wrenn				2		1			1		
Clarence Hobart...			1	1			1				
F. M. Hovey		1		3			3	1			1
Malcolm Chace....		2			2	2	4	1	1		1
W. A. Larned	1		1	1		3			2		1
R. D. Stevens	1						1	1			
A. E. Foote	1	2								2	1
C. R. Budlong.....			1				1				1
M. F. Goodbody...					1	1					
W. G. Parker				1	1		1	1			1
— Millett							1			2	

IN OUR ISSUE FOLLOWING THE HARVARD-YALE boat-race this department took the occasion to point out to Harvard a few causes of their very poor showing in rowing, and among other things said:

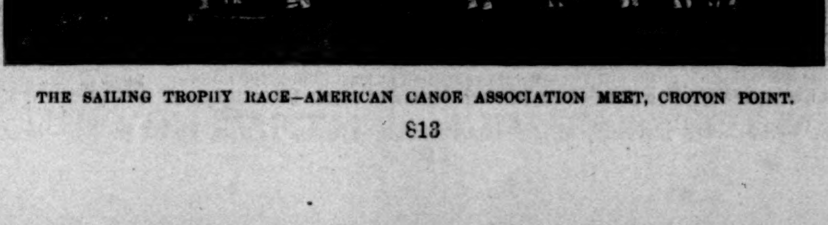
"....No excuse be made for Harvard's defeat. It was not hard luck, nor their failure to maintain a high stroke for the first two miles; it was simply one more of a succession of defeats that must attend Harvard crews so long as the present lack of system, uncertainty of stroke, and want of harmony continue at Cambridge....Is it not about time the Harvard *alumni* did something besides annually cursing their luck after the New London race? Is there not enough spirit and love for their *alma mater* in such prominent graduates as," etc., etc., "to unite in an effort to bring about a definite stroke and systematized coaching? There is plenty of coaching material if it can be harmonized...."

Apropos of this comment, we received the following letter, which press of current matter has crowded out of our columns until this number:

"I feel that I should not be doing the Harvard graduates named in your comment on the Yale-Harvard race justice if I failed to inform you of what I know has been done by them to improve boating at Cambridge. I am led also to do this because I wish never again to witness such a sad sight as I saw from the referee's boat after the race, four of the crew acting as if heart-broken, with the knowledge, too, that all had worked hard and conscientiously for eight months, and had done what they had been taught to do.

"Last fall it came to the knowledge of a few of the New York *alumni* that one of the best coaches in the world could be engaged, and the money was pledged by a few for

MALCOLM CHACE.



THE SAILING TROPHY RACE—AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEET, CROTON POINT.

> this purpose. The writer made a visit to Cambridge, and urged the necessity of a change in the management of the boating interests, and pointed out what already had been done and what was proposed; but after the subject was well considered he was informed that they—*i. e.*, the present managers—wished to work out their own theories. So he was forced to report back unfavorably.
>
> "There is also another handicap to athletics at Harvard, which is the lack of proper appreciation of this question by the faculty. In their endeavors to moderate sport they are killing it.
>
> "I witnessed the Yale-Harvard ball game the day before class day, and it was one of the most spiritless exhibitions of our national game I ever saw, and I could not believe it possible that I was at a college game.
>
> "The graduates have made many attempts to correct what they term mismanagement, without avail, and have hoped that the students would work out their own salvation; but, alas! we are getting tired. There is no satisfaction in going to New London and hoping for a victory by reason of accident to or demoralization of the other crew. What we wish to see and secure if we can is a crew properly taught and coached, even if they do not win at the first attempt. What we wish to avoid is the utter waste of the good material that Harvard always furnishes, and I sincerely hope you will keep at them in your columns, with now perhaps a better knowledge of what we have tried to accomplish.
>
> "You are at liberty to use this letter in any way you may see fit.
>
> "Yours very truly,
>
> "AMORY G. HODGES, Class of 1874, H.U."

ALTHOUGH MR. HODGES IS UNQUESTIONABLY CORRECT in urging the "necessity of a change in the management of the boating interests," we do not believe he sounds the keynote of the difficulties that beset the present situation at Harvard. It is not that they need an infusion of new blood at Cambridge so much as it is harmony of the material within call. For some reason, known only to the innermost circles of that university, Harvard's boating lights have never been able to pull together; they have separated themselves into cliques, and if they have given any attention to the rowing it has been only to criticise. Each clique has remained steadfast in the belief that its method was the only correct one, and no one has evinced the slightest disposition to yield a single point to the other. In other words, these several cliques have set more store on the recognition of their pet theories than on the welfare of Harvard rowing. It would seem that the last ten years of contests with Yale, in which Harvard has won but twice, would have carried a lesson with them, but Harvard has appeared as indifferent to the promptings of experience as to the necessity of harmony.

It has always been my opinion that Harvard pursued a perfectly sound and thoroughly sportsmanlike course in refusing to consider the engagement of Major Bancroft to coach her crews, at a salary of $10,000 (which was pledged by *alumni*), for three years. I am inclined to believe that *alumni* who place a dollar-and-cents valuation on their sporting services to their *alma mater* are not just the ones to inspire the undergraduates with that spirit which has so much to do with winning. Besides which, I am, and surely all sportsmen agree with me, unwaveringly opposed to hired instructors in college sport. I believe every college faculty ought to rule, and rigidly enforce it, that their football and baseball teams and crews should be coached only by *alumni* or undergraduates of that college, and that expenses only be permitted *alumni*. I allow that the wholesale engagement of football coaches throughout the country in the last few years has been in the light of missionary work in the cause of amateur sport, and accepted as such. Now, however, that there have been three years of it, the time has come to stop the practice, and for colleges to depend on their own students and graduates for coaching. There is no doubt such a course would raise the tone of sport without lowering the standard of skill.

But even if it did lessen the skill a bit, is it not better to sacrifice play than sportsmanship? Athletics in our universities have grown in the last two years to be too much of a business; we have been making too much money at our games, and spending too much in preparation for contests. It is not wholesome, and the tendency must be checked, or amateur sport will suffer a set-back from which it will take years to recover.

ENTIRELY APART FROM THE ETHICAL SIDE of the question, it would be unwise in Harvard or any other university to place its boating absolutely in the care of any one professional coach. To do so would result in the withdrawal of graduate interest, and an eventual condition in rowing like that which now obtains in track athletics. Certainly that would not be desirable in rowing any more than it would be in football. The same team-work and perpetuation of traditions do not exist in track athletics as in the other college sports, and the domination of a professional trainer, or his loss, would not be likely to influence future results one way or the other. In the crew or eleven, however, were a similar system inaugurated, the change of coach would be viewed with apprehension. I have often wondered how the departure of coach Courtney from Cornell would affect that university's rowing, for Courtney is a *rara avis* not only as to skill, but as to deportment. It would be difficult indeed to find another professional oarsman who could impart skill without giving the young men in his care a bit of the so-called professional taint. Courtney is at once Cornell's strength and weakness.

Yale's great rowing strength, and her advantage over Harvard, do not rest in the coaching of any one man, but in the establishment of a school, from which every captain graduated is fitted to return the following year and aid in the coaching. It is true, to be sure, that the ability of one man, Mr. Cook, founded the school, not, however, on any such professional basis as Harvard was asked to entertain Mr. Bancroft's tutelage; but the school has grown to-day quite beyond the necessity of its originator, and though Mr. Cook's retirement would be a matter of regret, it would not now affect the standard of Yale crews in the slightest. Such is the value of system and harmony.

HARVARD JUST AT THE MOMENT seems to be in a hysterical state of mind that apparently would countenance the acceptance of any system, any honorable device, to place a winning crew on the water, and needs the ablest advice of her most level-headed *alumni*.

Football at Cambridge has been struggling for the last five years to shake itself clear of the same Old Man of the Sea—or rather, old men, for they are numerous round about Boston—and has only in this present year entirely succeeded. At last a system of coaching has been established, and coaches have been harmonized, so that this year Harvard will have the novel experience of beginning its football work with its coaches pledged to carry out the system already agreed upon.

The Harvard rowing men seem unable to get this fact through their heads—that they cannot win until some system has been established, and men graduated from that system to return and coach. They must first found a school of rowing, which they have not, before they can turn out men capable of coaching. That seems simple enough to grasp, and yet they continue to flounder about like a drowning man who has lost his head, and sinks, instead of striking out for the shore. Is there not enough combined ability among Keyes, Storrow, Watson, Brooks, Perkins, and Bancroft to found such a school? Harmony and system are what Harvard needs, and not hired coaches, be they the most skilled on earth.

Mr. Hodges expresses the sentiments of all true Harvard men and all sportsmen in saying that "what we wish to see and secure if we can is a crew properly taught and coached, even if they do not win at the first attempt." Such a result may be had if prominent Harvard *alumni* will unite in an earnest effort to harmonize the abundant coaching material and establish an up-to-date system of rowing.

THE ENDING OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE was but little more like sport than the beginning, the record of very moderate weather being maintained to the very finish, and the run from Newport to Vineyard Haven was quite as unsatisfactory as from Glen Cove to Morris Cove. There was a fairish breeze for the start, just enough to get the yachts well under way and arouse the expectations of their skippers, and then the wind hauled, and some of the boats got in the doldrums, and were carried by the tide directly opposite to the direction in which they wished to go; several even lost steerageway. When the new wind came up it was somewhat in streaks, but very fresh, and it took hold of the boats fortunate to be in its course, and carried them along at a good pace. But the fluky weather had divided the squadron, and robbed the results of the run of their merit. *Navahoe* was the first to finish, though at one time she had been well astern, followed 3 minutes later by *Ariel*. *Wasp* left her rival, *Gloriana*, well behind, crossing the line third, and 8 minutes before the erstwhile crack 46-footer. *Constellation* was fourth, followed by *Gloriana*, and then came *Emerald*, which seemed to have found more "soft spots" in the weather than any of the others, over a quarter of an hour behind *Ariel*, and with *Queen Mab* hard on her heels. *Marguerite* was eighth; *Volunteer*, showing no improvement in her work over the first day of her appearance in present rig, finished ninth, and *Katrina* about 2 minutes later, with *Elsiemarie* close astern. The remainder of the fleet were quite a bit back, and straggled in one by one, *Loyal* being the last to anchor, about 30 minutes after *Elsiemarie*. The run was entirely without incident, unless *Minerva's* win from *Gossoon* by nearly 12 minutes may be viewed in that light, though really the weather was such as to make results considerably a question of luck.

THERE WAS SOMETHING LIKE SAILING weather on the run to New Bedford, though it was a dirty sort of day, with considerable rain. The air was so light at the start it looked like a repetition of the first day out, and half the sloops and all the schooners, save *Elsiemarie*, could not get over the line within the 5 minutes. *Ilderim* was the leading single-sticker for a time, and seemed to do fairly well in running, but her wind-work was not very good. A fine racing breeze greeted the yachts as they came into Buzzard Bay, and the pace was lively to the finish. *Emerald* gave a masterly exhibition of her sailing qualities under such conditions, and from rather farther astern went through the fleet into third place, making a good race with *Mayflower* en route. *Volunteer* put into port somewhere along on the run, and *Navahoe* did not finish. *Constellation* was the first boat to anchor off New Bedford, followed 5½ minutes later by *Ariel*, which was but a minute before *Emerald*, with *Mayflower*, *Katrina*, and *Marguerite* close astern. *Ariel* won in her class, and in the mixed class *Queen Mab* secured first from *Katrina* (which allows her over 6 minutes) by a few seconds. Both of these have done excellent work on the cruise. *Wasp* once more beat *Gloriana*, by over 3 minutes, and *Minerva* and *Gossoon* had a close fight all the way over; the former won her second victory by 50 seconds. If the cruise this year is rather below the record in good racing weather and keen contests, the same cannot be said of the gig and cutter races held off New Bedford. They were very interesting, and furnished really the first excuse on the cruise for genuine enthusiasm, especially the gig-races, notwithstanding some blunders of the cutters. The Owl colors were won by *Crusader's* crew, Game-cock colors by *Katrina*, and thus both remain with the Larchmont Yacht Club, as usual.

THE LAST RUN OF THE SQUADRON, from New Bedford to Newport, where the fleet disbanded, proved an uneventful day, in which light fluky air made tame sailing, and proved of little value as a test of relative speed. *Ilderim*, through the amateurish work of her skipper, had her mainsail ripped by *Merlin's* bowsprit. *Constellation* was first boat to finish, followed by *Queen Mab* and *Katrina*. *Emerald* and *Marguerite* won in their classes, and *Dagmar*, through the fickle weather, beat out *Ariel* for second place, and *Neæra* won from *Elsiemarie*. *Gloriana* and *Wasp* had another battle royal, and this time well-earned victory went to *Gloriana*. *Gossoon* gave *Minerva* nearly a ten-minute drubbing. It cannot be said that, so far as concerns racing, the cruise has been especially distinguished one way or another. It has been an uneventful cruise, with positively nothing to keep one's interest alive, unless one happened to be one of the Corinthian crew that manned many of the yachts. It was not a spectators' cruise, but it furnished a fair amount of sport for the individual participants, even though windward work was lacking; and as that is the chief aim, it must be considered successful. By the introduction of racers pure and simple on these annual cruises sportsmen have grown to the belief that the cruise is for the racing craft, and have lost sight of the club's original purpose. If it were possible, and it seems as though it might be, it would popularize the cruise to evolve some additional handicap for that class of yachts known as racers. To be sure, nearly all our yachts have in their day been racers so-called, and the difference between cruiser and racer is decidedly indefinite, determined in port to port only by rigging, etc. Nevertheless, something could be done to put the cruiser more prominently before the yachting public, for such a fleet of cruisers can nowhere be found equal in quality to those belonging to the New York, Larchmont, Eastern, and Seawanhaka-Corinthian yacht clubs.

One undoubted success the N.Y.Y.C. did attain on its '94 cruise, and that was the prompt starting of runs, for which credit is due Vice-Commodore E. M. Brown.

WHAT THE EVOLUTION OF THE RACER is doing to lessen entries and narrow the number of participants, canoeing also has been illustrating in the last three years. About five years ago there was not only more racing at the annual meet, but the several events had at least double the number of entries, as, for instance, we saw at Croton Point this year. In those days, too, the cruise was something besides a name. The racing fever entered the canoe camp, as it has every other, and immediately the few that were favored with time and money began the evolution of the racer pure and simple. The result was the building of a few canoes, on fin-keel, sliding-seat, and similar racing-machine devices, which were so much faster than the others that interest became at once centred in their performance, and the entries to races dwindled accordingly. Only a comparatively few men are able to withstand the expense of racing craft, of whatever description, and the result has been in canoeing as elsewhere. Like all such booms, no matter in what branch of sport, that flourish on artificial stimulus, the one in canoe-racing seemed this year to have spent its force; for it was a noteworthy fact at the American Association meet at Croton Point how very few new canoes appeared on the advanced racing-machine model. Mr. C. E. Archibald's *Mab*, which won the championship-trophy sailing event, was built two years ago by a Canadian firm, and raced at the meet last year also with success. In the mean time, however, during all this evolution of the racer the great majority of those who used to enter the sport with zest have dropped out, and it would probably take several years to reclaim their active interest in the racing. From a racing point of view this year's meet was the least interesting of the last few years; entries were few, and many of the well-known canoes not entered. Otherwise the camp was a success.

IF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR OARSMEN intends to continue holding its regatta at Saratoga, that hot-bed of pool-rooms, racing touts, and gamblers, because Judge Hilton thinks the attraction worth offering a $500 cup for, then the N. A. A. O. must not expect to retain the interest or even respect of sportsmen. The scene in Saratoga during the regatta was sickening to any one with a semblance of interest in amateur sport. One might have fancied one was attending a professional regatta—or Guttenburg. You could not move about without having a "book" stuck under your nose, and the atmosphere was professional from end to end of the town. It disgusted me to such an extent I returned home without seeing the races at all. Nor was I alone in leaving.

The National Association had best take a brace if it desires to retain the confidence of sportsmen. It must take that regatta away from Saratoga, and investigate the status of some of the oarsmen it now permits to masquerade as amateurs.

Hawkins is no amateur, and the Association Board ought to know it, for one of its members certainly does.

It is about time, too, the Association checked the career of these peregrinating oarsmen, like Hedley, for instance. This man Hedley first rowed for a Philadelphia club, then for a Newark organization, and now he is back in Philadelphia again, though wearing the colors of yet another club. It is fair to assume Hedley is not oscillating between Philadelphia and Newark for his health. It behooves the Association to ascertain what constitutes the tempting lure.

SUMMARIES.

Senior Singles.—Won by L. Koenig, Western R. C., St. Louis, Missouri; Fred Hawkins, Laureate B. C., Troy, second; R. H. Russell, Toronto, Canada, third. Time, 9m. 47⅕s., 9m. 49⅗s., 9m. 59s.

Senior Doubles.—Won by Vesper B. C. crew, Philadelphia—George Van Vliet, bow; Frank Baltz, stroke. Beverwyck R. C. crew, Albany, second—J. H. Bowen, bow; M. F. Monaghan, stroke.

Junior Singles.—Won by Joseph Maguire, Bradford B. C., Cambridgeport, Massachusetts; H. Jury, Toronto, second; Walter Abbott, Nassau B. C., third. Time, 9m. 6⅗s., 9m. 10⅗s., 9m. 34s.

Junior Fours.—Won by Excelsior B. C. crew, of Paterson, New Jersey—E. D. Condell, bow; C. J. Colburn, No. 2; Thomas Purdy, No. 3; E. J. Dunn, stroke. Nautilus B. C. crew, of Brooklyn, second—Craig Pennington, bow; W. H. Whitner, No. 2; A. Hickerson, No. 3; Arthur Prentiss, stroke. Time, 9m. 22s.

Senior Fours.—Won by Argonaut R. C. crew, of Toronto—R. A. Muntz, bow; E. A. Thompson, No. 2; F. H. Thompson, No. 3; G. H. Muntz, stroke. Minnesota B. C. crew, of St. Paul, second—W. U. Armstrong, bow; Percy Haughton, No. 2; Lester Mahon, No. 3; E. J. Herbert, stroke. New York Athletic Club crew third—W. H. Pinckney, bow; E. J. Keene, No. 2; T. W. Howard, No. 3; J. R. Crawford, stroke. Time, 8m. 48s., 8m. 57s., 9m. 5s.

Senior Eights.—Won by Triton B. C. crew—J. C. Holt, bow; A. H. Harris, No. 2; G. E. Horwood, No. 3; G. Hadfield, No. 4; Massie Milne, No. 5; John Davidson, Jun., No. 6; J. D. Castles, No. 7; Ezra Brink, stroke; Harry Cachion, coxswain. Laureate B. C., Troy, New York, second—C. E. Hopkins, bow; J. D. Shroder, No. 2; R. Marshall, No. 3; W. Galbraith, No. 4; C. C. Biermeister, No. 5; A. W. Ross, No. 6; L. S. De Gouche, No. 7; E. B. Williamson, stroke; W. T. Williamson, coxswain.

THERE IS VERY LITTLE OF POLO these days, and that little is pretty poor; it is a long time since more indifferent form has been seen than that exhibited by the second teams of the Rockaway and Meadow Brook clubs in their recent match, the former winning, 11 goals to 5½. Messrs. Conover, Stowe, Myers, and Alden played for Rockaway, and Messrs. Eustis, McCrary, Roby, and Kennedy for Meadow Brook. In a slow game, with very little team-work, and Meadow Brook entirely at sea, Stowe played, probably, the best—at least he did not get flustered; Myers's ponies were good—that much can be said of him; Kennedy played really brilliantly for periods of a few short moments; at other times he struggled with the dust. As for the rest, they all played rather poor polo, and I should not comment on the match, except to repeat and emphasize my criticism on the clubs which are neglecting the development and encouragement of their second-class material. The men need it badly enough, as Saturday's game showed.

Much is expected of the tournament at Newport under the auspices of the Westchester club, which begins this week, to continue until September 1st. The first Meadow Brook and Rockaway teams are quite certain to meet again, and the chances are even that the former will show up in greatly improved form over that shown in their last match with Rockaway, when they were so signally routed. Myopia, too, is looked upon as certain to make a strong bid for the cups. Every one hopes at least that we shall see better play than the tournament developed last year.

NEWPORT IS TO INAUGURATE ANOTHER SPORTING event this year in the way of a golf championship, to be held in September over the links of the recently organized club. The tournament is open to the members of all golf clubs, and for a very handsome cup. Apropos of cups reminds me that I hear already of complaints against men that are concealing their true form in order to gain advantage in handicap tournaments. It seems always to be the same old story nowadays—to win, whether by fair or foul means. What is the matter with we Americans that we cannot always be sportsmanlike? Is it possible that the intrinsic value of the trophy tempts our avaricious souls beyond resistance? It is unfortunate these mug-hunters seem invariably to make themselves most prominent, and to the detriment of our national reputation for sportsmanship. There are plenty of sportsmen in this country, thank Heaven!

"PRACTICAL LAWN-TENNIS."—BY JAMES DWIGHT, M.D.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, PRICE $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

though they are not given to making themselves conspicuous.

It is the same old cause—money—that is playing hobs with our amateur sport generally. Our prizes are too valuable. Why must we offer cups running into hundreds of dollars in value? Let the prizes be pewter, and not silver, and then shall the sportingmen, as distinguished from the sportsmen, stand revealed.

It remains to be seen what we shall do in golf, the game that has so completely captured the sportsmen of the old country. Up to now the game has been more of a fad with us, and the standard of skill averages pretty low. Nevertheless, the qualities of golf have been recognized in some quarters, and an earnest effort is being made to take it up seriously. It is not a game to be learned in a single season, and requires patience and persistent practice to attain consistent form. The Newport club is to be commended for holding this open tournament, which, more than anything else, will tend to create rivalry and lead to improvement in general play.

SOME INTERESTING LACROSSE GAMES were played this season. Stevens Institute, Johns Hopkins, Cornell, Brown, and Lehigh each placed good teams in the field, and all of the matches were well contested. The championship was won by Stevens Institute, its team having defeated Johns Hopkins, 7 to 5, and Lehigh, 3 to 2; while Johns Hopkins ranks second, winning from Lehigh by 6 goals to 4. Cornell is not represented in the league, but played both Stevens and Johns Hopkins, losing to the former, 4 to 1, and defeating the latter, 6 to 3. Brown played none of these, so her strength cannot be estimated. The Stevens team is undoubtedly one of if not the best she has ever had. The team-work especially was excellent, but did not equal that of Lehigh's championship twelve of last year. Lehigh was weak this year, with five new men, and only fair material on which to draw. Lacrosse seems to be regaining its lost ground not only in the East, but in the West, where there are some good teams, particularly the one in Chicago. Princeton is talking of taking it up again, and Lafayette and University of Pennsylvania may put teams in the field next year. The game certainly deserves greater recognition than it now receives.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE "VIGILANT"-"BRITANNIA" RACES.

(*Continued from page 812.*)

up to the Clyde catastrophe, it had not proved by any means a benefit to her.

It is difficult to say whether the lightening up of *Vigilant* would make her as quick in stays as *Britannia*, but I, among many, would be glad to find that in light winds her form below water is not deleterious to life and quickness in going about and getting away. What she requires is to be made to feel the lightest draught of air, a gift *Britannia* has to a very marked degree. It is not difficult to understand why Mr. Herreshoff's design should be on better terms with *Britannia* when a wind of some force is the order of the day. Her long keel and more upright stern-post are far more effective than the excessive rake and short length of keel given by Mr. Watson, and the weight brought to play on the helm is so great that it compels quickness in going about. There may be less surface friction, but the unsteady helm when off the wind, and sometimes the hard-weather helm when on a wind, must in effect be far more deleterious than the small amount of friction saved, especially in a hard blow. Now in a light wind there is nothing like the same pressure on the helm or rudder, and the fin-shaped keel and rudder post seem serviceable enough, since the lateral resistance in stays is less, and the yacht is accordingly quicker on the helm. When off the wind, too, with a light breeze, the fin-keeler is not as wild as usual to steer, owing to the call or weight on the helm being less, and, therefore, though of the two forms *Britannia's* appears to be the most effective for all-round use, *Vigilant's* is the most desirable, and all she requires is to be made equal to or better than *Britannia* in light airs, which may partly if not completely be accomplished by applying the remedy recommended above.

Whatever *Vigilant's* crew were in the early days over here, there is nothing much to complain of now, as they are working well together. They have a fine ship, and the only thing to discover is the best method of obviating the defects created by the manipulation she has undergone to strenghten her. In her next race she will have to meet *Satanita* as well as *Britannia*. I question whether *Satanita* will even make the second race interesting.

GEORGE LEIGH BLAKE.

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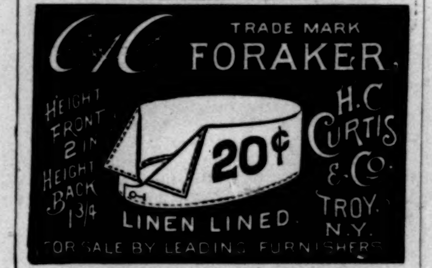

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